A
RESIDENCE IN FRANCE;

WITH AN

EXCURSION UP THE RHINE,

AND A

SECOND VISIT TO SWITZERLAND.

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EXCURSION

UP THE RHINE,

&c.

LETTER XIII.

Ferry across the Rhine.—Village of Rudesheim.—The *Hinter-hausen* Wine.—Drunkenness.—Neapolitan curiosity respecting America.—The Rhenish Wines enumerated.—Ingelheim.—Johannisberg.—Conventual Wine.—Unseasonable praise.—House and Grounds of Johannisberg.—State of Nassau.—Palace at Biberich—The Gardens.—Wiesbaden — Its public Promenade — Frankfort on the Maine.

DEAR ——,

WITHIN an hour after we left the Ritterstein, we were crossing the bridge that leads into Bingen. Like true *flaneurs*, we had not decided where to sleep, and, unlike *flaneurs*, we now began to look wistfully towards the other side of the Rhine into the duchy of Nassau. There was no bridge, but then there might be a ferry. Beckoning to the postmaster, who came to the side of the carriage, I put the question.

"Certainly, as good a ferry as there is in Germany."—"And can we cross with your horses?"—"Ja—ja—we do it often." The affair was arranged in a minute. The leaders were led back to the stable, and with two horses we drove down to the water-side. A skiff was in readiness, and spreading a sprit-sail, we were in the middle of the stream before there was time for thought. In ten minutes we landed in the celebrated Rheingau, and at the foot of a hill that was teeming with the vines of Rudesheim. "Charlemagne observing, from the window of his palace at Ingelheim," says an old legend, "that the snow disappeared from the bluff above Rudesheim earlier than from any of the neighbouring hills, caused the same to be planted with vines." What has become of Charlemagne and his descendants, no one knows; but here are the progeny of his vines to the present hour.

François followed us in a few minutes with the carriage and horses, and we were soon comfortably housed in an inn, in the village of Rudesheim. Here, then, we were in the heart of the richest wine region in Europe, perhaps in

the world. I looked curiously at mine host, to see what effect this fact might have had on him, but he did not appear to have abused the advantage. He told me there had just been a sale, at which I should have been most welcome; complained that much sour liquor was palmed off on the incredulous as being the pure beverage; and said that others might prefer Johannisberger, but, for his part, good *hinter hausen** was good enough for him. "Would I try a bottle?" The proposition was not to be declined, and with my dinner I did try a bottle of his oldest and best; and henceforth I declare myself a convert to *Rudesheimer hinter hausen*. One cannot drink a gallon of it with impunity, as is the case with some of the French wines; but I feel persuaded it is the very article for our *market*, to use the vernacular of a true Manhattanese. It has body to bear the voyage, without being the fiery compound that we drink under the names of Madeira and Sherry.

It is a singular fact, that in none but wine

* *Behind the houses*; so termed, from the vines standing on lower land than the hill, behind the village.

growing countries are the true uses of the precious gift understood. In them, wine is not a luxury, but a necessary; its use is not often abused, and its beneficial effect can scarcely be appreciated without being witnessed. I do not mean that there is no drunkenness in these countries, for there is probably as much of the vice in France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, as there is with us; but they who drink hard generally drink some of the vile compounds which exist everywhere under the names of brandy, *agua diente*, or something else. I was one day crossing the bay of Naples in my hired craft, La Divina Providenza, rowed by a crew of twenty-one men, who cost me just the price of a carriage and horses for the same time, when the *padrone*, who had then been boating about with us several weeks, began to be inquisitive concerning America, and our manner of living, more especially among the labouring classes. The answers produced a strong sensation in the boat; and when they heard that labourers received a ducat a-day for their toil, half of the honest fellows declared themselves ready to emi-

grate. "*Et, il vino, signore ; quale è il prezzo del vino?*" demanded the *padrone*. I told him wine was a luxury with us, and beyond the reach of the labourer. The general sneer that followed immediately satisfied me that no emigrants would go from La Divina Providenza.

It is scarcely necessary to tell one of your habits, that the wines we call Hock are Rhenish, and that each properly bears the name of its own vintage. This rule prevails everywhere, the names of Claret, Burgundy, and Sherry, being unknown in France and Spain. It is true the French have their Burgundy wines, and the Spaniards their Xeres wines; but *vin de Bourgogne* includes liquors of different colours and very different qualities. The same is true of other places. What we call Claret the French term Bordeaux wines; though *Clairet* is an old French word, still occasionally used, signifying a thin weak potation.

The Rheingau, or the part of Nassau in which we now are, produces the best wines of the Rhine. The principal vineyards are those of Johannisberg, Hochheim, (whence the name of

Hock,) Geissenheim, Steinberg, and Rudesheim. Johannisberg is now the property of Prince Metternich; Geissenheim belongs to the Count of Ingelheim; and Hochheim and Rudesheim are villages, the vines having different proprietors. I do not know the situation of Steinberg. The best wine of Johannisberg has the highest reputation; that of Geissenheim is also delicious, and is fast growing in value; Hochheimer *Dom*, (or houses growing near the village,) is also in great request; and of the *hinter hausen* of Rudesheim you have already heard. Dr. Somerville once told me he had analyzed the pure Johannisberger, and that it contained less acidity than any other wine he knew. The Steinberger is coming into favour; it is the highest flavoured of all the German wines, its perfume, or *bouquet*, being really too strong.

Rudesheim was a Roman station, and it is probable that its wines date from their government. There is still a considerable ruin, belonging I believe to the Count of Ingelheim, that is supposed to have been built by the Romans, and which has been partially fitted up by its pro-

prietor, as a place of retreat, during the vintage. This is truly a classical *villagiatura.* It was curious to examine these remains, which are extensive, so soon after going over the feudal castle, and it must be confessed that the sons of the South maintain their long-established superiority here, as elsewhere. Ingelheim, where Charlemagne had a palace, and where some pretend he was born, is in plain view on the other side of the river, but no traces of the palace are visible from this spot. Such is the difference between the false and the true Roman! There is also a ruin, a small high circular tower, that is connected with our inn, forming even one of our own rooms, and which is very ancient, probably as ancient as the reign of the great Frank.

We left Rudesheim after breakfast, driving quite near to the hill of Geissenheim, and quitting the main road, for the purpose of visiting Johannisberg, which lies back a mile from the great route. We wound our way around the hill, which on three sides is shaped like a cone, and on the other is an irregular ridge, and approached the house by the rear. If you happen

to have a bottle of the wine of this vineyard (real. or reputed, for in this respect the false Simon Pure is quite as likely to be true as the real,) you will find a sufficiently good resemblance of this building on its label.

I can give you no other reason why this wine was formerly so little known, while that of Hochheim had so great a reputation, than the fact that the mountain, house, and vines were all the property of a religious community, previously to the French revolution, and that the monks probably chose to drink their own liquors. In this particular they were unlike the people of Brie; for walking one day with Lafayette, over his estate at La Grange, I expressed surprise at seeing some labourers making wine. "Oh, yes, my dear friend," returned the General, "we do *make* wine here, but then we take very good care not to *drink* it." The monks of Johannisberg most likely both made wine and drank it.

Johannisberg has changed owners several times. Shortly after our return from the journey on the Rhine of last year, chance placed me, at Paris, at table between the *chargé d'affaires*

of Nassau, and the Duc de Valmy. The former observed that I had lately been in Nassau, and inquired how I liked the country. Under such circumstances one would wish to praise, and, as I could honestly do so, I expressed my admiration of what I had seen. Among other things, I spoke of its rich vineyards, and, as a matter of course, began to extol that of Johannisberg. The more I praised, the graver the *diplomate* looked, until thinking I had not come up to his own feelings, I began to be warmer still in my expressions. A touch under the table silenced me. The *chargé* soon after gave me to understand that Johannisberg produced only sour grapes for my neighbour, as Napoleon had given the estate to the first Duke, and the allies had taken it away from his son. This was not the first time I have had occasion to see the necessity of being guarded how one speaks, lest he offend some political sensibility or other, in this quarter of the world.

The present owner of Johannisberg has fitted up the house, which is quite spacious, very handsomely, though without gorgeousness, and there is really a suite of large and commodious rooms.

I saw few or no signs of the monastery about the building. The vines grow all around the conical part of the hill quite up to the windows. The best wine is made from those near the house, on the south-eastern exposure. The view was beautiful and very extensive, and all that the place wants to make it a desirable residence is shade; an advantage, however, that cannot be enjoyed on the same spot in common with good wine. The nakedness of the ground impaired the effect of the dwelling. The owner is seldom here, as is apparent by the furniture, which, though fresh and suitable, does not extend to the thousand little elegancies that accumulate in a regular abode.

The books say that this celebrated vineyard contains sixty-three acres, and this is near the extent I should give it, from the eye. The produce is stated at twenty-five hogsheads, of thirteen hundred bottles each. Some of the wines of the best vintages sell as high as four and even five dollars a bottle. I observed that the soil was mixed with stone much decomposed, of a shelly appearance, and whitish colour. The land

would be pronounced unsuited to ordinary agriculture, I suspect, by a majority of farmers.

I bought a bottle of wine from a servant who professed to have permission to sell it. The price was two florins and a half, or a dollar, and the quality greatly inferior to the bottle that, for the same money, issued from the cellar of the host at Rudesheim. It is probable the whole thing was a deception, though the inferior wines of Johannisberg are no better than a vast deal of the other common wine of the neighbourhood.

From Johannisberg we descended to the plain and took the road to Biberich. This is a small town on the banks of the Rhine, and is the residence of the Duke. Nassau figures in the tables of the Germanic confederation as the fourteenth state, having three hundred and thirty-eight thousand inhabitants, and furnishing three thousand troops as its contingent. The population is probably a little greater. The reigning family is of the ancient line of Nassau, from a junior branch of which I believe the King of Holland is derived; the Duchess is a princess of Wurtemberg, and a sister of the Grand-duchess Helena,

of whom I have already spoken so often. This little state is one of the fabricated sovereignties of 1814, being composed of divers fragments, besides the ancient possessions of the family. In short, it would seem to be intended for the government and better management of a few capital vineyards.

Nassau has been much agitated of late with liberal opinions, though the government is already what it is the fashion to term representative, on this side of the Atlantic. It is the old theory, that small states can better support a popular form of government than a large state. This is a theory in which I have no faith, and one, in my opinion, that has been fabricated to suit the accidental situation of Europe. The danger of popular governments are popular excesses, such as those truculent errors that men fall into by a misconception of truth, misstatements, ignorance of their interests, and the sort of village-like gossip which causes every man to think he is a judge of character, when he is not even a judge of facts. The abuses of absolutism are straightforward,

dogged tyranny, in which the rights of the mass are sacrificed to the interests and policy of a prince and his favourites. Now, in a large country, popular excesses in one part are checked and repressed by the power and interests of the other parts. It is not an easy matter to make a popular error, that leads to popular excesses, extend simultaneously over a very extended surface; and they who are tranquil, control, and finally influence, those who are excited. In a small state, absolutism is held under the checks of neighbourhood and familiarity. Men disregard accidents and crime in a capital, while they reason on them and act on them in the country. Just so will the sovereign of a small state feel and submit to the authority of an active public opinion. If I must have liberty, let it come in large draughts like learning, and form an atmosphere of its own; and if I must be the subject of despotic power, Heaven send that my sovereign be a small prince. The latter is on the supposition that I am an honest man, for he who would rise by servility and a sacrifice of his principles, had

better at once choose the greatest monarch he can find for a master." Small states are usually an evil in themselves, but I think they are least so when the authority is absolute. The people of Nassau had better be moderate in their progress, while they of France should press on to their purpose; and yet the people of Nassau will probably be the most urgent, simply because the power with which they have to contend is so feeble, for men rarely take the "just medium," though they are always talking about it.

We entered the palace at Biberich, which, without being larger than usual, is an edifice well worth viewing. We could not but compare this abode with the President's house, and certainly, so far as taste and elegance are concerned, the comparison is entirely to the disadvantage of us Americans. It is easy to write unmeaning anethemas against prodigal expenditures, and extorting the hard earnings of the poor, on such occasions, but I do not know that the castle of Biberich was erected by any means so foul. The general denunciation of every-

thing that does not happen to enter into our own system, has no more connexion with true republicanism than cant has to do with religion. Abuses of this nature have existed beyond dispute, and the public money, even among ourselves, is not always honestly or prudently expended; but these are the errors inseparable from human nature, and it is silly to quarrel with all the blandishments of life until we can find faultless substitutes. The simple fact that a nation like our own has suffered an entire generation to go by with its chief magistrate living in a house surrounded by grounds almost as naked as a cornfield, while it proves nothing in favour of its economy, goes to show either that we want the taste and habits necessary to appreciate the privation, (as is probably the case,) or the generosity to do a liberal act, since it is notorious that we possess the means.

The gardens of Biberich are extensive and beautiful. We are proofs ourselves that they are not reserved, in a niggardly spirit, for the exclusive uses of a few, nor in truth are those

of any other prince in Europe where we have been. The interior of the house is much ornamented by a very peculiar marble that is found in the duchy, and which produces a good effect. A circular hall in the centre of the building, surmounted by a dome, is rather striking, from having a colonnade of this material.

The family was here, and the preparations were making for dinner in one of the rooms; the whole style of the domestic economy being that of a nobleman of liberal means. The house was very quiet, and we saw but few menials, though we met two of the children, accompanied by a governess, in the grounds.

Biberich and the castle, or palace, stand immediately on the banks of the river, which, between Bingen and Mayence, is straggling and well covered with islands, having an entire breadth of near half a mile. The effect, when seen from the neighbouring heights, is not unlike that of a lake.

From Biberich we diverged directly into the interior of the Rheingau, taking the road to Wiesbaden, which is a watering-place of some

note, and the seat of government of the duchy. We reached it early, for it is no great matter to pass from the frontiers of one of these small states into its centre, ordered dinner, and went out to see the lions. Wiesbaden has little to recommend it by nature, its waters excepted. It stands in a funnel rather than a valley, and it is said to be excessively hot in summer, though a pleasant winter residence. I do not remember a place that so triumphantly proves how much may be made out of a little, as the public promenade of Wiesbaden. The springs are nearly, or perhaps quite a mile from the town, the intervening land being a gentle inclination. From the springs a rivulet, scarce large enough to turn a village mill, winds its way down to the town. The banks of this little stream have been planted, artificial obstructions and cascades formed, paths cut, bridges thrown across the rivulet, rocks piled, &c., and by these simple means, one walks a mile in a belt of wood a few rods wide, and may fancy himself in a park of two thousand acres. Ten years would suffice to bring such

a promenade to perfection, and yet nothing like it exists in all America! One can surely smoke cigars, drink Congress water, discuss party politics, and fancy himself a statesman, whittle, clean his nails in company and never out of it, swear things are good enough for him without having known any other state of society, squander dollars on discomfort and refuse cents to elegance and convenience, because he knows no better, and call the obliquity of taste patriotism, without enjoying a walk in a wood by the side of a murmuring rill! He may, beyond dispute, if such be his sovereign pleasure, do all this, and so may an Esquimaux maintain that whale's blubber is preferable to beef-steaks. I wonder that these dogged and philosophical patriots do not go back to warlocks, scalps, and paint!

The town of Wiesbaden, like all German towns of any consequence I have ever been in, Cologne excepted, is neat and clean. It is also well-built, and evidently improving. You may have heard a good deal of the boulevards and similar places of resort, in the vicinity of French

towns, but as a whole, they are tasteless and barren-looking spots. Even the Champs Elysées, at Paris, have little beauty of themselves, for landscape gardening is but just introduced into France, whereas, to me, it would seem that the Germans make more use of it, in and near their towns, than the English.

We left Wiesbaden next morning, after enjoying its baths, and went slowly up to Frankfort on the Maine, a distance of about twenty miles. Here we took up our old quarters at the White Swan, a house of a second-rate reputation, but of first-rate civility, into which chance first threw me; and, as usual, we got a capital dinner and good wine. The innkeeper, in honour of Germany, caused a dish, that he said was national and of great repute, to be served to us pilgrims. It was what the French call a *jardinière*, or a partridge garnished with cabbage, carrots, turnips, &c.

I seized the opportunity to put myself *au courant* of the affairs of the world, by going to one of the reading-rooms, that are to be found all over Germany, under the names of *Redoutes*,

Casinos, or something of that sort. Pipes appear to be proscribed in the *casino* of Frankfort, which is altogether a genteel and respectable establishment. As usual, a stranger must be introduced.

LETTER XIV.

Boulevards of Frankfort.—Political Disturbances in the town.—*Le petit Savoyard*.—Distant glimpse of Homberg.—Darmstadt.—The Bergestrasse.—Heidelberg.—Noisy Market-place.—The Ruins and Gardens.—An old Campaigner.—Valley of the Neckar.—Heilbronn.—Ludwigsberg—Its Palace.—The late Queen of Wurtemberg.—The Birthplace of Schiller.—Comparative claims of Schiller and Goethe.—Stuttgart—Its Royal Residences.—The Princess of Hechingen.—German Kingdoms.—The King and Queen of Wurtemberg.—Sir Walter Scott.—Tubingen.—Ruin of a Castle of the middle ages.—Hechingen—Village of Bahlingen.—The Danube.—The Black Forest.—View from a mountain on the frontier of Baden—Enter Switzerland.

DEAR ——,

I HAVE little new to tell you of Frankfort. It appeared to be the same busy, clean, pretty, well-built town, on this visit, as it did at the two others. We examined the boulevards a little more closely than before, and were even more pleased with them than formerly. I have already explained to you that the secret of these

tasteful and beautiful walks, so near, and sometimes in the very heart (as at Dresden) of the large German towns, is in the circumstance of the old fortifications being destroyed, and the space thus obtained having been wisely appropriated to health and air. Leipsig, in particular, enjoys a picturesque garden, where formerly there stood nothing but grim guns, and frowning ramparts.

Frankfort has been the subject of recent political disturbances, and, I heard this morning from a banker, that there existed serious discontent all along the Rhine. As far as I can learn, the movement proceeds from a desire in the trading, banking, and manufacturing classes, the *nouveaux riches*, in short, to reduce the power and influence of the old feudal and territorial nobility. The kingly authority, in our time, is not much of itself, and the principal question has become, how many or how few, or, in short, *who* are to share in its immunities. In this simple fact lies the germ of the revolution in France, and of reform in England. Money is changing hands, and power must go with it.

This is, has been, and ever will be the case, except in those instances in which the great political trust is thrown confidingly into the hands of all; and even then, in half the practical results, money will cheat them out of the advantages. Where the pressure is so great as to produce a recoil, it is the poor against the rich; and where the poor have rights to stand on, the rich are hard at work to get the better of the poor. Such is the curse of Adam, and man himself must be changed before the disease can be cured. All we can do, under the best constructed system, is to mitigate the evil.

We left Frankfort at eleven, declining the services of a celebrated *voiturier*, called *le petit Savoyard,* whom François introduced, with a warm recommendation of fidelity and zeal. These men are extensively known, and carry their *soubriquets*, as ships do their names. The little Savoyard had just discharged a cargo of *miladies,* bound to England, after having had them on his charter-party eighteen months, and was now on the look-out for a return freight. As his whole equipments were four horses, the

harness, and a long whip, he was very desirous of the honour of dragging my carriage a hundred leagues or so, towards any part of the earth whither it might suit my pleasure to proceed. But it is to be presumed that *miladies* were of full weight, for even François, who comes of a family of *voituriers*, and has a fellow-feeling for the craft, is obliged to admit that the cattle of *le petit* appear to have been overworked. This negotiation occupied an hour, and it ended by sending the passport to the post.

We were soon beyond the tower that marks the limits of the territory of Frankfort, on the road to Darmstadt. While mounting an ascent, we had a distant glimpse of the town of Homberg, the capital and almost the whole territory of the principality of Hesse Homberg; a state whose last sovereign had the honour of possessing an English princess for a wife. Truly there must be something in blood, after all; for this potentate has but twenty-three thousand subjects to recommend him!

Darmstadt is one of those towns which are laid out on so large a scale as to appear mean.

This is a common fault, both in Germany and America; for the effect of throwing open wide avenues, that one can walk through in five minutes, is to bring the intention into ludicrous contrast with the result. Mannheim is another of these abortions. The disadvantage, however, ends with the appearance, for Darmstadt is spacious, airy, and neat: it is also well-built.

The ancient Landgraves of Hesse Darmstadt have become Grand Dukes, with a material accession of territory, the present sovereign ruling over some 700,000 subjects. The old castle is still standing in the heart of the place, if a town which is all artery can be said to have any heart, and we walked into its gloomy old courts, with the intention of examining it; but the keeper of the keys was not to be found. There is a modern palace of very good architecture near it, and, as usual, extensive gardens, laid out, so far as we could perceive from the outside, in the English taste.

A short distance from Darmstadt, the Bergestrasse (mountain road) commences. It is a perfect level, but got its name from skirting the

foot of the mountain, at an elevation to overlook the vast plain of the Palatinate; for we were now on the verge of this ancient territory, which has been merged in the Grand Duchy of Baden by the events of the last half century. I may as well add, that Baden is a respectable state, having nearly 1,300,000 subjects.

The Bergestrasse has many ruins on the heights that overlook it, though the river is never within a league or two of the road. Here we found postilions worthy of their fine track, and, to say the truth, of great skill. In Germany you get but one postilion with four horses, and, as the leaders are always at a great distance from those on the pole, it is an exploit of some delicacy to drive eight miles an hour, riding the near wheel-horse, and governing the team very much by the use of the whip. The cattle are taught to travel without blinkers, and, like men to whom political power is trusted, they are the less dangerous for it. It is your well-trained animal, that is checked up and blinded, who runs away with the carriage of

state, as well as the travelling carriage, and breaks the neck of him who rides.

It was quite dark when we crossed the bridge of the Neckar, and plunged into the crowded streets of Heidelberg. Notwithstanding the obscurity, we got a glimpse of the proud old ruin overhanging the place, looking grand and sombre in the gloom of night.

The view from the windows next morning was one of life in the extreme. The principal market-place was directly before the inn, and it appeared as if half the peasants of the grand duchy had assembled there to display their fruits and vegetables. A market is always a garrulous and noisy place; but when the advantage of speaking German is added to it, the perfection of confusion is obtained. In all *good* society, both men and women speak in subdued voices, and there is no need to allude to them; but when one descends a little below the *élite*, strength of lungs is rather a German failing.*

* Until the revolution of 1830, the writer never met but one noisy woman in Paris. Since that period, however, one hears a little more of the *tintamarre* of the *comptcir*.

We went to the ruins while the fogs were still floating around the hill-tops. I was less pleased with this visit than with that of last year, for the surprise was gone, and there was leisure to be critical. On the whole, these ruins are vast rather than fine, though the parts of the edifice that were built in the Elizabethan taste have the charm of quaintness. There is also one picturesque tower; but the finest thing certainly is the view from the garden-terrace above. An American, who remembers the genial soil and climate of his country, must mourn over the want of taste that has left, and still leaves, a great nation (numerically great, at least) ignorant of the enjoyment of those delicious retreats! As Nelson once said, "want of frigates" would be found written on his heart were he to die, I think "want of gardens" would be found written on mine. Our cicerone, on this occasion, was a man who had served in America, during the last war, as one of the corps of De Watteville. He was born in Baden, and says that a large portion of the corps were Germans. He was in most of the battles of the

Niagara, and shook his head gravely when I hinted at the attack on Fort Erie. According to his account, the corps suffered exceedingly in the campaign of 1814, losing the greater portion of its men. I asked him how he came to fight us, who had never done him any harm; and he answered that Napoleon had made all Europe soldiers or robbers, and that he had not stopped to examine the question of right.

We drove up the valley of the Neckar, after a late breakfast, by an excellent road, and through a beautiful country, for the first post or two. We then diverged from the stream, ascended into a higher portion of undulating country, that gradually became less and less interesting, until in the end, we all pronounced it the tamest and least inviting region we had yet seen in Europe. I do not say that the country was particularly sterile, but it was commonplace, and offered fewer objects of interest than any other we had yet visited. Until now, our destination was not settled, though I had almost decided to go to Nuremberg, and thence, by Ratisbonne and the Danube, to Vienna; but we

all came to the opinion that the appearance of things towards the east was too dreary for endurance. We had already journeyed through Bavaria, from its southern to its northern end, and we wished to vary the scene. A member of its royal family had once told me that Wurtemberg offered but little for the traveller, at the same time saying a good word for its capital. When one gets information from so high authority it is not be questioned, and towards Stuttgart it was determined to turn our faces. At Heilbronn, therefore, we changed the direction from east to south. This Heilbronn was a quaint old German town, and it had a few of its houses painted on the exterior, like those already described to you in Switzerland. Weinsberg, so celebrated for its wives, who saved their husbands at a capitulation, by carrying them out of the place on their backs, is near this town. As there are no walled towns in America, and the example could do no good, we did not make a pilgrimage to the spot. That night we slept at a little town called Bessingheim,

with the Neckar, which we had again met at Heilbronn, murmuring beneath our windows.

The next morning we were off betimes to avoid the heat, and reached Ludwigsberg to breakfast. Here the scene began to change. Troops were at drill in a meadow, as we approached the town, and the postilion pointed out to us a portly officer as the Duke of Wurtemberg, a cadet of the royal family, who was present with his staff. Drilling troops, from time immemorial, has been a royal occupation in Germany. It is, like a Manhattanese talking of dollars, a source of endless enjoyment.

Ludwigsberg is the Windsor, the St. Denis, of the Princes of Wurtemberg. There is an extensive palace, the place of sepulture, and a town of five or six thousand inhabitants. We went through the former, which is large and imposing, with fine courts and some pretty views, but it is low and Teutonic—in plain English, squat—like some of the old statues in armour that one sees in the squares of the German towns. There is a gallery and a few good pictures, par-

ticularly a Rembrandt or two. One of the latter is in the same style as the "Tribute-money" that I possess, and greatly encourages me as to the authenticity of that picture. The late Queen of Wurtemberg was the Princess Royal of England, and she inhabited this palace. Being mistaken for English, we were shown her apartments, in which she died lately, and which were exactly in the condition in which she left them. She must have had strong family attachments, for her rooms were covered with portraits of her relatives. The King of England was omnipresent; and as for her own husband, of whom, by the way, one picture would have been quite sufficient for any reasonable woman, there were no less than six portraits of him in a single room!

As one goes north, the style of ornamenting rooms is less graceful, and the German and English palaces all have the same formal and antiquated air. Ludwigsberg does not change the rule, though there was an unusual appearance of comfort in the apartments of the late Queen, which had evidently been Anglicised.

While we were standing at a balcony, that overlooks a very pretty tract of wooded country and garden, the guide pointed to a hamlet, whose church tower was peering above a bit of forest, in a distant valley, or rather swell. "Does Mein Herr see it?" "I do—it is no more than a sequestered hamlet, that is prettily enough placed."—It was Marbach, the birthplace of Schiller! Few men can feel less of the interest that so commonly attaches to the habits, habitations, and personal appearance of celebrated men, than myself. The mere sight of a celebrity never creates any sensation. Yet I do not remember a stronger conviction of the superiority enjoyed by true over factitious greatness, than that which flashed on my mind, when I was told this fact. That sequestered hamlet rose in a moment to an importance that all the appliances and souvenirs of royalty could not give to the palace of Ludwigsberg. Poor Schiller! In my eyes he is the German genius of the age. Goethe has got around him one of those factitious reputations that depend as much on gossip and tea-drinking as on a high order

of genius, and he is fortunate in possessing a *coddled celebrity*—for you must know there is a fashion in this thing, that is quite independent of merit—while Schiller's fame rests solely on its naked merits. My life for it, that it lasts the longest, and will burn brightest in the end. The schools, and a prevalent taste and the caprice of fashion, can make Goethes in dozens, at any time; but God only creates such men as Schiller. The Germans say, *we* cannot feel Goethe; but after all a translation is perhaps one of the best tests of genius, for though bad translations abound, if there is stuff in the original, it will find its way even into one of these.

From Ludwigsberg to Stuttgart it is but a single post, and we arrived there at twelve. The appearance of this place was altogether different from what we had expected. Although it contains near 30,000 inhabitants, it has more the air of a thriving Swiss town, than that of a German capital, the abodes and gardens of the royal family excepted. By a Swiss town, I do not mean either such places as

Geneva, and Berne, and Zurich, but such towns as Herisau and Lucerne, without including the walls of the latter. It stands at the termination of an irregular valley, at the base of some mountains, and, altogether, its aspect, rustic exterior, and position, took us by surprise. The town, however, is evidently becoming more European, as they say on this side the Atlantic, every day; or in other words, it is becoming less peculiar.

At and around the palaces, there is something already imposing. The old feudal castle, which I presume is the cradle of the House of Wurtemberg, stands as a nucleus for the rest of the town. It is a strong prison-like looking pile, composed of huge round towers and narrow courts, and still serves the purposes of the state, though not as a prison, I trust. Another hotel, or royal residence, is quite near it on one side, while the new palace is close at hand on another. The latter is a handsome edifice of Italian architecture, in some respects not unlike the Luxembourg at Paris, and, I should think, out of all comparison the best royal residence to

be found in the inferior states of Germany, if not in all Germany, those of Prussia and Austria excepted.

We took a carriage, and drove through the grounds to a new classical little palace, that crowns an eminence at their other extremity, a distance of a mile or two. We went through this building, which is a little in the style of the Trianons, at Versailles; smaller than Le Grand Trianon, and larger than Le Petit Trianon. This display of royal houses, after all, struck us as a little disproportioned to the diminutive size and poverty of the country. The last is nothing but a *maison de plaisance*, and is well enough if it did not bring taxation with it; nor do I know that it did. Most of the sovereigns have large private fortunes, which they are entitled to use the same as others, and which are well used in fostering elegant tastes in their subjects.

There is a watering-place near the latter house, and preparations were making for the King to dine there, with a party of his own choosing. This reminded us of our own dinner,

which had been ordered at six, and we returned to eat it. While sitting at a window, waiting the service, a carriage that drove up attracted my attention. It was a large and rather elegant post-chariot, as much ornamented as comported with the road, and having a rich blazonry. A single female was in it, with a maid and valet in the rumble. The lady was in a cap, and, as her equipage drove up, appeared to be netting. I have frequently met German families jogging along the high way, in this sociable manner, apparently as much at home as when they were under the domestic roof. This lady, however, had so little luggage, that I was induced to inquire who it might be. She was a Princess of Hechingen, a neighbouring state, that had just trotted over probably to take tea with some of her cousins of Wurtemberg.

These *quasi* kingdoms are so diminutive that this sort of intercourse is very practicable, and (a pure conjecture) it may be that German etiquette, so notoriously stiff and absurd, has been invented to prevent the intercourse from becoming too familiar. The mediatising system,

however, has greatly augmented the distances between the capitals, though, owing to some accidental influence, there is still here and there a prince, that might be spared, whose territories have been encircled, without having been absolutely absorbed, by those who have been gainers by the change. Bavaria has risen to be a kingdom of four millions of souls, in this manner; and the Dukes of Wurtemberg have become kings, though on a more humble scale, through the liberality or policy of Napoleon. The kingdom of the latter contains the two independent principalities of Hohenzollern (spared on account of some family alliances, I believe) in its bosom. One of the princes of the latter family is married to a Mademoiselle Murat, a niece of Joachim.

After dinner, we went again to the garden, where we accidentally were witnesses of the return of the royal party from their pic-nic. The King drove the Queen in a pony phaeton, at the usual pace of monarchs, or just as fast as the little animals could put foot to the ground. He was a large, well-whiskered man, with a

strong family likeness to the English princes. The attendants were two mounted grooms, in scarlet liveries. A cadet, a dark, Italian-looking personage, came soon after, in full uniform, driving himself, also, in a sort of barouche. After a short time we were benefited by the appearance of the cooks and scullions, who passed in a *fourgon,* that contained the remnants and the utensils. Soon after we got a glimpse of the Queen and three or four of the daughters, at a balcony of the palace, the lady of the net-work being among them. They all appeared to be fine women.

At the inn, I heard, with regret, that Sir Walter Scott had passed but two days before. He was represented as being extremely ill; so much so, indeed, as to refuse to quit his carriage, where he kept himself as much as possible out of view.

We left Stuttgart early the following morning, and as the carriage wound up the mountain that overlooks the town, I thought the place one of singular incongruities. The hill-sides are in vineyards; the palace, in excellent keep-

ing, was warm and sunny; while the old feudal-looking towers of the castle, rudely recalled the mind to ancient Germany, and the Swissish habitations summoned up the images of winter, snows and shivering February. Still I question, if a place so sheltered ever endures much cold. The town appears to have been built in the nook it occupies, expressly to save fuel.

We met the Neckar again, after crossing a range of wooded mountain, and at Tubingen we once more found a city, a university, the remains of feodality, redoutes, pipes, and other Germanic appliances. Here we breakfasted, and received a visit from a young countryman, whose parents, Germans, I believe, had sent him hither to be educated. He will, probably, return with a good knowledge of Greek, perfect master of metaphysics and the pipe, extravagant in his political opinions, a sceptic in religion, and with some such ideas of the poetry of thought, as a New England dancing-master has of the poetry of motion, or a teacher of psalmody, of the art of music. After all, this is better than sending a boy to England, whence

he would come back with the notions of Sir William Blackstone to help to overturn or pervert his own institutions, and his memory crammed with second-hand anecdotes of lords and ladies. We labour under great embarrassments on this point of education, for it is not easy to obtain it, suited equally to the right, and to our own peculiar circumstances, either at home or abroad. At home we want science, research, labour, tone, manners, and time; abroad we get the accumulated prejudices that have arisen from a factitious state of things; or, what is perhaps worse, their reaction; the servility of castes, or the truculence of revolution.

About a post beyond Tubingen, a noble ruin of a castle of the middle ages appeared in the distance, crowning the summit of a high conical eminence. These were the finest remains we had seen in a long time, and viewed from the road, they were a beautiful object, for half an hour. This was the castle of Hohenzollern, erected about the year 980, and the cradle of the House of Brandenburg. This family, some pretend, was derived from the ancient Dukes of Alsace,

which, if true, would give it the same origin as those of Austria and Baden; but it is usual, and probably much safer, to say that the Counts of Hohenzollern were its founders. We must all stop somewhere short of Adam.

I was musing on the chances that have raised a cadet, or a younger branch, of the old feudal counts who had once occupied this hold, to the fifth throne in Europe, when we entered an irregular and straggling village of some 3000 souls, that was not, by any means, as well built as one of our own towns of the same size. A sign over a door, such as would be occupied by a thriving trader with us, with "Department of War" on it, induced me to open my eyes, and look about me. We were in Hechingen, the capital of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, an independent state, with a prince of its own; who is the head of his family, in one sense, and its tail in another; there being, besides the King of Prussia, a Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen adjoining, who is his junior in rank, and his better in power; having some 40 or 50,000 subjects, while he of Hechingen has but 15,000. On ascending a

hill in the place itself, we passed an unfinished house, all front, that stood on the street, with no grounds of any beauty near it, and which certainly was not as large, nor nearly as well constructed, as one of our own principal country-houses. This building, we were told, was intended for the town residence of the heir-apparent, who is married to a daughter of Eugene Beauharnois, and of course to a niece of the King of Bavaria.

All this was an epitome of royalty I had never before witnessed. The Saxon duchies, and Bayreuth and Anspach, now merged in Bavaria, had been the subjects of curious contemplation to us, but they were all the possessions of potentates compared to this principality. I inquired for the abode of the prince, which could not well be far off, without being out of his own dominions. It lay behind a wood a mile distant, and was not visible from the inn where we stopped. Here was a capital mistake; had the old castle, which was but half a mile from the village, been kept up, and it seemed to be in good condition for a ruin, with the title of Count of Hohenzol-

lern, and the war and state departments been put in one of the towers, no one could have laughed at the pretension, let him try as hard as he pleased ; but ——

We had a strong desire to visit the ruin, which puts that of Habsburg altogether in the shade, but were prevented by a thunder-shower which shook the principality to its centre. The Knight's Hall, the chapel and the clock-tower are said to have been restored, and to be now in good condition. We could do no more, however, than cast longing eyes upward as we drove under the hill, the ground being still too wet for female accoutrements to venture. We had a Hechingen postilion in a Hechingen livery, and, although the man was sensible of his dignity and moved with due deliberation, we were just one hour in crossing his master's dominions.

Re-entering Wurtemberg, we slept that night at the village of Bahlingen. The country next morning was particularly tame, though uneven, until near noon, when it gradually took more interesting forms and spread itself in pretty valleys and wooded hills. The day was pleasant; and,

as we trotted merrily through one of the vales, A—— pointed to a little rivulet that meandered through the meadows on our right, and praised its beauty. "I dare say it has a name; inquire of the postilion." "Wie ist diesen fluschen?" "Mein Herr, der Donau." The Danube! There was something startling in so unexpectedly meeting this mighty stream, which we had seen rolling its dark flow through cities and kingdoms, a rivulet that I could almost leap across. It was to us like meeting one we had known a monarch, reduced to the condition of a private man. I was musing on the particles of water that were gliding past us on their way to the Black Sea, when we drove up to the door of the inn at Tuttlingen.

This was in the Black Forest, and what is more, there were some trees in it: The wood was chiefly larches, whence I presume the name. Our host discovered from the servants that we were Americans, and he immediately introduced the subject of emigration. He told us that many people went from Wurtemberg to America, and gave us to understand that we ought to be glad

of it—they were all so well educated! This was a new idea, certainly, and yet I will not take it on myself to say that the fact is otherwise.

While we were at breakfast, the innkeeper, who was also the postmaster, inquired where we meant to sleep, and I told him at Schaffhausen, on the Rhine. He then gave me to understand that there was a long, but not a steep mountain to ascend, which separated the waters of the Danube from those of the Rhine, and that two extra horses would add greatly to the facility of getting along. Taking a look at the road, I assented, so that we left the inn with the honours of a coach and six. The effect was evident from the start, and after entering Wurtemberg and travelling through it complaining of the dulness of the teams, we left it with *éclat*, and at the rate of ten miles the hour. The frontier of Baden met us again on the summit of the mountain. Here we got a fine and extensive view, that included the lake of Constance in its sweep. The water looked dark and wild, and the whole scene had a tint that strongly reminded me of the character of Germanic mysteriousness. We

must have been at a great elevation, though the mountains were not prominent objects; on the contrary, the eye ranged until it found the horizon, as at sea, in the curvature of the earth. The rills near us flowed into the Rhine, and, traversing half Europe, emptied themselves into the North Sea; while the stream that wound its way through the valley below, took a south-easterly direction towards the confines of Asia. One gets grand and pleasing images in the associations that are connected with the contemplation of these objects.

From this point we began to descend, shorn of our honours in the way of quadrupeds, for it was with a good deal of difficulty we got three horses at the next relay. Thus is it with life, in which at one moment we are revelling in abundance, and at the next suffering with want. We got along, however, as in life, in the best manner we could, and after driving through a pretty and uneven country, that gradually descended, we suddenly plunged down to the banks of the Rhine, and found ourselves once more before an inn-door, in Switzerland!

SECOND VISIT

TO

SWITZERLAND.

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LETTER XV.

A Swiss Inn.—Cataract of the Rhine.—Canton of Zurich.—Town of Zurich.—Singular Concurrence.—Formidable Ascent.—Exquisite View.—Einsiedeln.—The Convent.—"*Par exemple.*"—Shores of the Lake of Zug.—The *Chemin Creux.*—Water Excursion to Alpnach.—Lake of Lungern.—Lovely Landscape.—Effects of Mists on the prospect.—Natural Barometer.—View from the Brunig.—Enter the great Canton of Berne.—An Englishman's Politics.—Our French Companion.—The Giesbach.—Mountain Music.—Lauterbrunnen.—Grindewald.—Rising of the Waters in 1830.—Anecdote.—Excursion on the Lake to Thoun.

DEAR ——,

WE had sought refuge on the Rhine, from the tameness and monotony of Wurtemberg! I dare say the latter country has many beautiful districts, that it contains much to admire and much to awaken useful reflection, but to the mere passer-by it is not a land of interest. Like a boat that has unexpectedly got into

a strong adverse current, we had put our helm down and steered out of it, to the nearest shore. Here we were then, and it became necessary to say where we should be next. My own eyes were turned wistfully towards the east, following the road by the Lake of Constance, Innspruck, and Saltzbourg, to Vienna; but several of our party were so young when we were in Switzerland, in 1828, that it seemed ungracious to refuse them this favourable opportunity to carry away lasting impressions of a region that has no parallel. It was, therefore, settled before we slept, again to penetrate the cantons next morning.

I heard the drum-like sound of the inn once more with great satisfaction; for although the house, judging from the coronets and armorial bearings about it, had once been the abode of a count, it was not free from the peculiar echoes of a true Swiss tenement, any more than it was free from its neatness. The drum, however, did not prevent us all from sleeping soundly, and after an early breakfast we went forth on this new pilgrimage to the mountains.

There was an end to posting, no relays existing in this part of Switzerland, and I had been compelled to confide in the honesty of an unknown *voiturier;* a class of men who are pre-eminently subject to the long-established frailty of all who *deal* in horses, wines, lamp-oil, and religion. Leaving this functionary to follow with the carriage, we walked along the banks of the river, by a common-place and dirty road, among forges and mills, to the cataract of the Rhine. What accessories to a cataract! How long will it be before the imagination of a people who are so fast getting to measure all greatness, whether in nature or art, by the yard-stick, will think of those embellishments for Niagara? Fortunately the powers of men are not equal to their wishes, and a mill by the side of this wonder of the world will be a mill still; whereas these falls of the Rhine are nearly reduced to the level of a race-way, by the spirit of industry. We were less struck with them than ever, and left the place with the conviction that, aided by a few *suitable* embellishments, they

would have been among the prettiest of the pretty cascades that we know, but that, as matters go, they are in danger of soon losing the best part of their charms. We saw no reason, in this instance, to change the impressions made at the former visit, but think, the volume of water excepted, that Switzerland has cascades that outdo this cataract.

After following the course of the river, for a few miles, we met the stream, buried low in the earth, at one of its sudden bends, and, descending a sharp declivity, crossed to its left bank, and into the Canton of Zurich. We were taken by surprise, by this sudden rencontre, and could hardly believe it was the mighty Rhine, whose dark waters were hurrying beneath us, as we passed a covered bridge of merely a hundred or two feet in length. One meets with a hundred streams equal to this in width, while travelling in America, though it is rare to find one anywhere with the same majesty of motion, and of its fine cerulean tint.

We had travelled an hour or two towards

Zurich, before our eyes were greeted with the sight of peaks capped with snow. They looked like the faces of old acquaintances, and, distance depriving them of their severity, they now shone in a mild sublimity. We were all walking ahead, while the horses were eating, when these noble objects came into the view, and, preceding the rest a little, I involuntarily shouted with exultation, as, turning a knoll, they stood ranged along the horizon. The rest of the party hurried on, and it was like a meeting of dear friends, to see those god-like piles encircling the visible earth.

The country through which we travelled was the low land of which I have so often spoken, nor was it particularly beautiful or well cultivated until we drew near the capital, when it assumed the polished look of the environs of a large town; and the approach to Zurich, on this side, though less romantic perhaps, wanting the lake and mountains, we thought, if anything, was more beautiful than that by which we had come in 1828.

We were much gratified with the appearance

of Zurich; more even than in our former visit, and not the less so at finding it unusually empty. The agitated state of Europe, particularly of England, has kept the usual class of travellers at home, though the cantons are said to be pretty well sprinkled with Carlists, who are accused of assembling here to plot. M. de Châteaubriand is in the same hotel as ourselves, but it has never been my fortune to see this distinguished writer to know him, even accidentally; although I afterwards learned that, on one occasion, I had sat for two hours on a bench immediately before him, at a meeting of the French Academy. My luck was no better now, for he went away unseen, an hour after we arrived. Some imagine themselves privileged to intrude on a celebrity, thinking that those men will pardon the inconvenience for the flattery, but I do not subscribe to this opinion: I believe that nothing palls sooner than notoriety, and that nothing is more grateful to those who have suffered under it, than retirement.

By a singular concurrence, we were at Zurich

the second time on Sunday, and almost on the same day of the year. In 1828, we drove along the lake-shore, August 30th, and we now left Zurich, for the same purpose, August 28th, after an interval of four years. The same objects were assembled, under precisely the same circumstances: the lake was covered with boats, whose tall sails drooped in pure laziness; the solemn bells startled the melancholy echoes, and the population was abroad, now as then, in holiday guise, or crowding the churches. The only perceptible changes in the scene were produced by the change in our own direction. Then we looked towards the foot of the lake, and had its village-lined shores before us, and the country that melts away towards the Rhine for a back-ground; while now, after passing the objects in the near view, the sight rested on the confused and mysterious mountains of Glaris.

We took our *goûter* at the *Paon*, and, unwilling to cross the bridge in the carriage, we all preceded it through the crowded streets of Rapperschwyl, leaving the *voiturier* to follow at his leisure. We were just half an hour on this

bridge, which appeared as ticklish as ever, though not so much as to stifle the desire of P—— to see how near its edge he could walk. When we entered Schweitz, the carriage overtook us, and we drove to the foot of the mountain which it is necessary to ascend to reach Einsiedeln. Here we took *chevaux de renfort*, and a reinforcement they proved indeed; for I do not remember two nobler animals than the *voiturier* obtained for the occasion. They appeared to be moulded on the same scale as the mountains. We were much amused by the fellow's management, for he contrived to check his own cattle in such a way as to throw all the work on the recruits. This was not effected without suspicion; but he contrived to allay it, by giving his own beasts sundry punches in the sides, so adroitly bestowed as to render them too restive to work. By way of triumph, each poke was accompanied by a knowing leer at François, all of whose sympathies, a tribute to his extraction, I have had frequent opportunities of observing, to my cost, were invariably on the side of the *voituriers*. So evident, indeed, was

this feeling in the gentleman, that had I been accustomed to travel much by this mode, I should not have kept him a month.

It was a mild evening as we travelled our way up this formidable ascent, which is one of the severest in Switzerland, and we had loitered so much along the shores of the lake, as to bring us materially behind our time. Still it was too late to return, and we made the best of things as they were. It is always more pleasant to ascend than to descend, for the purposes of scenery; and, as picture after picture broke upon us, the old touzy-mouzy was awakened, until we once more felt ourselves in a perfect fever of mountain excitement. In consequence of diverging by a foot-path, towards the east, in descending this mountain, in 1828, I had missed one of the finest reaches of its different views, but which we now enjoyed under the most favourable circumstances. The entire converging crescent of the north shore of the lake, studded with white churches, hamlets, and cottages, was visible, and as the evening sun cast its mild light athwart the crowded and affluent land-

scape, we involuntarily exclaimed, "that this even equalled the Neapolitan coast in the twilight." The manner in which the obscurity settled on this picture, slowly swallowing up tower after tower, hamlet, cottage, and field, until the blue expanse of the lake alone reflected the light from the clouds, was indescribably beautiful, and was one of those fine effects that can only be produced amid a nature as grand as that of the Alps.

It was dark when we reached the inn at the summit; but it was not possible to remain there, for it had room for little more than kirschwasser. The night came on dark and menacing, and for near two hours we crawled up and down the sharp ascents and descents, and, to make the matter worse, it began to rain. This was a suitable approach to the abodes of monastic votaries, and I had just made the remark, when the carriage stopped before the door of my old inn, the Ox, at Einsiedeln. It was near ten, and we ordered a cup of tea and beds immediately.

The next morning we visited the church and

the convent. The first presented a tame picture, compared to that I had witnessed in the former visit, for there was not a pilgrim present; the past year it had been crowded. There were, however, a few groups of the villagers kneeling at the shrine, or at the different altars, to aid the picturesque. We ascended into the upper part of the edifice, and walked in those narrow galleries through which I had formerly seen the Benedictines stalking in stealthy watchfulness, looking down at the devotees beneath. I was admitted to the cloisters, cells, library, &c., but my companions were excluded as a matter of course. It is merely a spacious German convent, very neat, and a little *barnish*. A recent publication caused me to smile involuntarily once or twice, as the good father turned over the curiosities of the library, and expatiated on the history and objects of his community; but the book in question had evidently not yet, if indeed it will ever reach this remote spot.

We had a little difficulty here in getting along with the French; and our German (in which,

by the way, some of the party are rather expert) had been acquired in Saxony, and was taken for base coin here. The innkeeper was an attentive host, and wished to express everything that was kind and attentive; all of which he succeeded in doing wonderfully well, by a constant use of the two words "*par exemple.*" As a specimen of his skill, I asked him if an extra horse could be had at Einsiedeln, and his answer was, "*Par exemple, monsieur ; par exemple, oui ; c'est à dire, par exemple.*" So we took the other horse, *par exemple*, and proceeded.

Our road carried us directly across the meadows that had been formed in the lake of Lowertz, by the fall of the Rossberg. When on them, they appeared even larger than when seen from the adjacent mountain; they are quite uneven, and bear a coarse wiry grass, though there are a few rocks on their surface. Crossing the ruin of Goldau, we passed on a trot from the desolation around it, into the beautiful scenery of Arth. Here we dined and witnessed another monastic flirtation.

After dinner we drove along the shores of the lake of Zug, winding directly round the base of the cone of the Righi, or immediately beneath the point where the traveller gets the sublime view of which you have already heard. This was one of the pleasantest bits of road we had then seen in Switzerland. The water was quite near us on the right, and we were absolutely shut in on the left by the precipitous mountain, until having doubled it, we came out upon an arm of the lake of Lucerne, at Küsnacht, to which place we descended by the *chemin creux*. Night overtook us again while crossing the beautiful ridge of land that separates the bay of Küsnacht from the foot of the lake, but the road being excellent, we trotted on in security until we alighted, at nine o'clock, in the city of Lucerne.

The weather appearing unusually fine the next day, François was ordered round to Berne with the carriage and luggage, and we engaged a guide and took a boat for Alpnach. At eleven we embarked and pulled up under lovely verdant banks, which are occupied by

villas, till we reached the arm of the lake that stretches towards the south-west. Here a fair breeze struck us, and making sail, away we went, skimming before it, at the rate of eight miles an hour. Once or twice the wind came with a power that showed how necessary it is to be cautious on a water that is bounded by so many precipitous rocks. We passed the solitary tower of Stanztad on the wing, and reached Alpnach in less than two hours after embarking.

Here we took two of the little vehicles of the country and went on. The road carried us through Sarnen, where my companions, who had never before visited the Unterwaldens, stopped to see the lions. I shall not go over these details with you again, but press on towards our resting-place for the night. On reaching the foot of the rocks which form the natural dam that upholds the lake of Lungern, P—— and myself alighted and walked ahead. The ascent being short, we made so much progress as to reach the upper end of the little sheet, a distance of near a league,

before we were overtaken by the others; and when we did meet, it was amid general exclamations of delight at the ravishing beauties of the place. I cannot recall sensations of purer pleasure produced by any scenery, than those I felt myself on this occasion, and in which all around me appeared to participate.

Our pleasures, tastes, and even our judgments are so much affected by the circumstances under which they are called into action, that one has need of diffidence on the subject of their infallibility, if it be only to protect himself from the imputation of inconsistency. I was pleased with the Lake of Lungern in 1828, but the term is not strong enough for the gratification it gave me on this return to it. Perhaps the day, the peculiar play of light and shade, a buoyancy of spirits, or some auxiliary causes, may have contributed to produce this state of mind; or it is possible that the views were really improved by changing the direction of the route; as all connoisseurs in scenery know that the Hudson is much finer when descending than when ascending

its stream; but let the cause be what it might, had I then been asked what particular spot in Europe had given me most delight, by the perfection of its natural beauties, taken in connexion with its artificial accessories, I should have answered that it was the shores of the lake of Lungern. Nor, as I have told you, was I alone in this feeling, for one and all, big and little,—in short, the whole party joined in pronouncing the entire landscape absolutely exquisite. Any insignificant change, a trifle more or less of humidity in the atmosphere, the absence or the intervention of a few clouds, a different hour or a different frame of mind, may have diminished our pleasure, for these are enjoyments which, like the flavour of delicate wines, or the melody of sweet music, are deranged by the condition of the nerves, or a want of harmony in the chords.

After this explanation you will feel how difficult it will be to describe the causes of our delight. The leading features of the landscape, however, were a road that ran along the shore beneath a forest, within ten feet of

the water, winding, losing itself, and re-appearing with the sinuosities of the bank; water, limpid as air and blue as the void of the heavens, unruffled and even holy in its aspect, as if it reflected the pure space above; a mountain-side, on the opposite shore, that was high enough to require study to draw objects from its bosom, on the distant heights, and yet near enough below, to seem to be within an arrow's flight; meadows shorn like lawns, scattered over its broad breast; woods of larches, to cast their gloom athwart the glades and to deepen the shadows; brown chalets that seemed to rise out of the sward, at the bidding of the eye; and here and there a cottage poised on a giddy height, with a chapel or two to throw a religious calm over all! There was nothing ambitious in this view, which was rural in every feature, but it was the very *beau idéal* of rustic beauty, and without a single visible blemish to weaken its effect. It was some such picture of natural objects as is formed of love by a confiding and ingenuous youth of fifteen.

We passed the night in the *drum* of Lungern, and found it raining hard when we rose the following morning. The water soon ceased to fall in torrents, however, changing to a drizzle, at which time the valley, clouded in mists in constant motion, was even more beautiful than ever. So perfect were the accessories, so minute was everything rendered by the mighty scale, so even was the grass and so pure the verdure, that bits of the mountain pasturages, or Alps, coming into view through the openings in the vapour, appeared like highly-finished Flemish paintings; and this the more so, because all the grouping of objects, the chalets, cottages, &c. were exactly those that the artist would seize upon to embellish his own work. Indeed, we have daily, hourly, occasions to observe how largely the dealers in the picturesque have drawn upon the resources of this extraordinary country, whether the pallet, or poetry in some other form, has been the medium of conveying pleasure.

The *garçon* of the inn pointed to some mist that was rolling along a particular mountain,

and said it was the infallible barometer of Lungern. We might be certain of getting fair weather within an hour. A real barometer corroborated the testimony of the mist, but the change was slower than had been predicted; and we began to tire of so glorious a picture, under an impatience to proceed, for one does not like to swallow pleasure even, perforce.

At ten we were able to quit the inn, one half of the party taking the bridle-path, attended by two horse-keepers, while the rest of us, choosing to use our own limbs, were led by the guide up the mountains by a shorter cut, on foot. The view from the Brunig was not as fine as I had found it in 1828, perhaps because I was then taken completely by surprise, and perhaps because ignorance of the distant objects had then thrown the charm of mystery over its back-ground. We now saw the scene in detail, too, while mounting; for, though it is better to ascend than descend, the finest effects are produced by obtaining the whole at once.

We joined the equestrians on the summit,

where the horses were discharged, and we proceeded the remainder of the distance on foot. We soon met the Bear of Berne, and entered the great canton. The view of the valley of Meyringen, and of the cataracts, greeted us like an old friend; and the walk, by a path which wound its way through the bushes, and impended over this beautiful panorama, was of course delightful. At length we caught a glimpse of the lake of Brientz, and hurrying on, reached the village before two.

Here we ordered a *goûter*, and, while taking it, the first English party we had yet seen, entered the inn, as we were all seated at the same table. The company consisted of this English party, ourselves, and a solitary Frenchman, who eyed us keenly, but said nothing. It soon appeared that some great political crisis was at hand, for the Englishman began to cry out against the growing democracy of the cantons. I did not understand all his allusions, nor do I think he had very clear notions about them himself, for he wound

up one of his denunciatory appeals, by the old cant, of "instead of one tyrant they will now have many;" which is a sort of reasoning that is not particularly applicable to the overturning of aristocracy anywhere. It is really melancholy to perceive how few men are capable of reasoning or feeling on political subjects, in any other way than that which is thought most to subserve their own particular interests and selfishness. Did we not know that the real object of human institutions is to restrain human tendencies, one would be almost disposed to give up the point in despair; for I do affirm, that in all my associations in different countries, I do not recollect more than a dozen men who have appeared to me to entertain right notions on this subject, or who have seemed capable of appreciating the importance of any changes that were not likely materially to affect their own pockets.

The Frenchman heard us speaking in his own language, which we did with a view of drawing John Bull out, and he asked a passage in the boat I had ordered, as far as Inter-

lachen. Conditioning that he should make the *détour* to the Giesbach, his application was admitted, and we proceeded forthwith. This was the fourth time I had crossed the lake of Brientz, but the first in which I visited the justly celebrated falls, towards which we now steered on quitting the shore.

Our companion proved to be a merry fellow, and well disposed to work his passage by his wit. I have long been cured of the notion "that the name of an American is a passport all over Europe," and have learned to understand in its place, that, on the contrary, it is thought to be *prima facie* evidence of vulgarity, ignorance, and conceit; nor do I think that the French, as a nation, have any particular regard for us; but knowing the inherent dislike of a Frenchman for an Englishman, and that the new-fangled fraternity, arising out of the trading-principle government, only renders, to a disinterested looker-on, the old antipathies more apparent, I made an occasion, indirectly, to let our new associate understand that we came from the other side

of the Atlantic. This produced an instantaneous change in his manner, and it was now that he began to favour us with specimens of his humour. Notwithstanding all this facetiousness, I soon felt a suspicion that the man was an *employé* of the Carlists, and that his business in Switzerland was connected with political plots. He betrayed himself, at the very moment when he was most anxious to make us think him a mere amateur of scenery: I cannot tell you how, but still so clearly, as to strike all of us, precisely in the same way.

The Giesbach is a succession of falls, whose water comes from a glacier, and which are produced by the sinuosities of the leaps and inclined planes of a mountain side, aided by rocks and precipices. It is very beautiful, and may well rank as the third or fourth cascade of Switzerland, for variety, volume of water, and general effect. A family has established itself among the rocks, to pick up a penny by making boxes of larch, and singing the different *ranz des vaches*. Your mountain music does not do so well, when it has

an air so seriously premeditated, and one soon gets to be a little *blasé* on the subject of entertainments of this sort, which can only succeed once, and then with the novice. Alas! I have actually stood before the entrance of the cathedral at Rouen, and the strongest feeling of the moment, was that of surprise at the manner in which my nerves had thrilled, when it was first seen. I do not believe that childhood, with its unsophistication and freshness, affords the greatest pleasures, for every hour tells me how much reason and cultivation enhance our enjoyments; but there are certainly gratifications that can be felt but once; and if an opera of Rossini or Meyerbeer grows on us at each representation, or a fine poem improves on acquaintance, the singing of your Swiss nightingales is sweeter in its first notes, than in its second.

After spending an hour at the Giesbach, we rowed along the eastern, or rather the southern, shore of the lake to Interlachen. The sight of the blue Aar revived old recollections, and we landed on its banks with infinite pleasure.

Here a few civil speeches passed between the merry Frenchman and myself, when we separated, he disappearing altogether, and we taking the way to the great lodging-house, which, like most of the other places of resort in Switzerland, was then nearly empty. The Grand-duchess Anna, however, had come down from Ulfnau, her residence on the Aar, for a tour in the Oberland, and was among the guests. We got a glimpse of her coming in from a drive, and she appeared to resemble her brother the Duke, more than her brother the King.

In the morning we drove up to Lauterbrunnen, and I am compelled to say that so completely fickle had we become, that I believe all who had seen this valley before, pronounced it less beautiful than that of Lungern. By the way of proving to you how capricious a thing is taste, I liked the Staubbach better than in the former visit. We did not attempt the mountains this time, but drove round in our *chars* to Grindewald, where we dined and slept. Either a new approach, or improved tastes, or some other cause, wrought another change here; for

we now preferred Grindewald to Lauterbrunnen, as a valley. The vulgar astonishment was gone, and our eyes sought details with critical nicety. We went to the lower glacier, whose form had not materially changed in four years, and we had fine views of both of them from the windows of the inn. There was a young moon, and I walked out to watch the effect on the high glaciers, which were rendered even more than usually unearthly in appearance, under its clear bland light. These changes of circumstances strangely increase the glories of the mountains!

We left Grindewald quite early next morning, and proceeded towards Neuhaus. The road led us through a scene of desolation that had been caused by a rising of the waters in 1830, and we examined the devastation with the more interest, as some of our acquaintances had nearly perished in the torrent.

The family in question were residing temporarily at Interlachen, when two of the ladies with a child, attended by a black servant, drove up the gorge of Lauterbrunnen for an

airing. They were overtaken by a tempest of rain, and by the torrent, which rose so rapidly as to cut off all retreat, except by ascending the precipice, which to the eye is nearly perpendicular. There is, however, a hamlet on one of the terraces of the mountain, and thither the servant was despatched for succour. The honest peasants at first believed he was a demon, on account of his colour, and it was not without difficulty they were persuaded to follow him. The ladies eventually escaped up the rocks; but our coachman, who had acted as the coachman on that occasion, assured us it was with the utmost difficulty he saved his horse.

This accident, which was neither a *sac d'eau* nor an avalanche, gives one a good idea of the sudden dangers to which the traveller is liable, in the midst of a nature so stupendous. A large part of the beautiful meadows of Interlachen was laid desolate, and the calamity was so sudden that it overtook two young and delicate females in their morning drive!

We drove directly to the little port at Neuhaus, and took boat for Thoun, pulling out into

the lake, with a fresh breeze directly in our teeth. The picturesque little chateau of Spietz stood on its green promontory, and all the various objects that we had formerly gazed at with so much pleasure, were there, fresh, peculiar, and attractive as ever. At length, after a heavy pull, we were swept within the current of the Aar, which soon bore us to the landing.

At Thoun we breakfasted, and, taking a return carriage, trotted up to Berne, by the valley of which you have already heard so much. François was in waiting for us, and we got comfortable rooms at the Crown.

Our tastes are certainly altering, whether there be any improvement or not. We are beginning to feel it is vulgar to be astonished, and even in scenery, I think we rather look for the features that fill up the keeping, and make the finish, than those which excite wonder. We have seen too much to be any longer taken in, by your natural clap-traps; a step in advance, that I attribute to a long residence in Italy, a country in which the sublime is so exquisitely

blended with the soft, as to create a taste which tells us they ought to be inseparable.

In this little excursion to the Oberland, while many, perhaps most, of our old impressions are confirmed, its relative beauties have not appeared to be entitled to as high praises as we should have given them, had they not been seen a second time. We had fine weather, were all in good spirits and happy, and the impression being so general, I am inclined to think it is no more than the natural effect which is produced by more experience and greater knowledge. I now speak of the valleys, however, for the high Alps are as superior to the caprices of taste, as their magnificent dimensions and faultless outlines are beyond change.

LETTER XVI.

Conspiracy discovered. — The Austrian Government and the French Carlists.—Walk to La Lorraine.—Our old friend "Turc." —Conversation with M. W——. —View of the Upper Alps.— Jerome Bonaparte at La Lorraine.—The Bears of Berne.—Scene on the Plateforme.

DEAR ——,

SOON after we reached Berne, François came to me in a mysterious manner, to inquire if I had heard any news of importance. I had heard nothing; and he then told me that many arrests had just taken place, and that a conspiracy of the old aristocracy had been discovered, which had a counter-revolution for its object. I say a counter-revolution, for you ought to have heard that great political changes have occurred in Switzerland since 1830, France always giving an impulse to the cantons. Democracy is in the ascendant, and divers old opinions, laws, and

institutions have been the sacrifice. This, in the land of the Burgerschaft, has necessarily involved great changes, and the threatened plot is supposed to be an effort of the old privileged party to regain their power. As François, notwithstanding he has seen divers charges of cavalry against the people, and has witnessed two or three revolutions, is not very clear-headed in such matters, I walked out immediately to seek information from rather better authority.

The result of my inquiries was briefly as follows :—Neufchâtel, whose prince is the King of Prussia, has recede[illegible] from the confederation, on account of the re[illegible] changes, and the leaders of the aristocratic [illegible] were accused of combining a plan, unde[illegible] protection and with the knowledge of the [illegible]ties of this state, to produce a counter-revolution in Berne, well knowing the influence of this canton in the confederation. This very day is said to be the one selected for the effort, and rumour adds, that a large body of the peasants of the Oberland were to have crossed the Brunig yesterday, with a view to co-operate in other sections of the coun-

try. 'A merry company we should have been, had it been our luck to have fallen in with this escort! Now, rightfully or not, the Austrian government and the French Carlists are openly accused of being concerned in this conspiracy, and probably not without some cause. The suspicions excited concerning our fellow-traveller, through his own acts, recurred to me, and I now think it probable he was in waiting for the aforesaid peasants, most probably to give them a military direction; for he had the air and *franchise* of an old French soldier. The plot had been betrayed; some were already arrested, and some had taken refuge in flight. The town was tranquil, but the guards were strengthened, and the popular party actively on the alert.

The next morning we went forth to look once more at picturesque, cloistered, verdant Berne. Nothing appeared to be changed, though the strangers were but few, and there was, perhaps, less movement than formerly. We crossed the Aar, and walked to La Lorraine. As we were going through the fields, several dogs rushed out against us; but when P—— called

out "*Turc,*" the noble animal appeared to know him, and we were permitted to proceed, escorted, rather than troubled, by the whole pack. This was a good omen, and it was grateful to be remembered, by even a dog, after an absence of four years.

We found the same family in possession of the farm, though on the point of removing to another place. Our reception in the house was still more cordial than that given by Turk, and our gratitude in proportion. The old abode was empty, and we walked over it with feelings in which pain and pleasure were mingled; for poor W——, who was with us, full of youth and spirits, when we resided here, is now a tenant of Père Lachaise. When we went away, all the dogs, with Turk at their head, escorted us to the ferry, where they stood looking wistfully at us from the bank, until we landed in Berne.

Soon after, I met M. W—— in the streets, and, as he had not been at home, I greeted him, inviting him to dine with us at the Crown. The present aspect of things was of course touched

upon during the dinner, when the worthy member of the Burgerschaft lamented the changes, in a manner becoming his own opinions, while I rejoiced in them, in a manner becoming mine. He asked me if I really thought that men who were totally inexperienced in the affairs of government could conduct matters properly,—an old and favourite appeal with the disciples of political exclusion. I endeavoured to persuade him that the art of administering was no great art; that there was more danger of rulers knowing *too much* than of their knowing *too little*, old soldiers proverbially taking better care of themselves than young soldiers; that he must not expect too much, for they that know the practices of free governments, well know it is hopeless to think of keeping pure and disinterested men long in office, even as men go, there being a corrupting influence about the very exercise of power that forbids the hope; and that all which shrewd observers look for in popular institutions is a greater check than common on the selfishness of those to whom authority is confided. I told him the man who

courts popular favour in a republic, would court a prince in a monarchy, the elements of a demagogue and a courtier being precisely the same; and that, under either system, except in extraordinary instances, it was useless to attempt excluding such men from authority, since their selfishness was more active than the feelings of the disinterested; that, in our own case, so long as the impetus of the revolution and the influence of great events lasted, we had great men in the ascendant, but, now that matters were jogging on regularly, and under their common-place aspects, we were obliged to take up with merely clever managers; that one of the wisest men who had ever lived (Bacon) had said, that "few men rise to power in a state, without a union of *great* and *mean* qualities," and that this was probably as true at Berne as it is at Washington, and as true at Paris as at either; that the old system in his country savoured too much of the policy of giving the milk of two cows to one calf, and that he must remember it was a system that made very bad as well as very good veal, whereas for ordinary purposes it was better

to have the same quantity of merely good veal; and, in short, that he himself would soon be surprised at discovering how soon the new rulers would acquire all the useful habits of their predecessors, and I advised him to look out that they did not acquire some of their bad ones too.

I never flattered myself with producing a change of opinion in the captain, who always listened politely, but with just such an air of credulity as you might suppose one born to the benefits of the Burgerschaft, and who had got to be fifty, would listen to a dead attack on all his most cherished prejudices.

The next day was Sunday, and we still lingered in our comfortable quarters at the Crown. I walked on the Plateforme before breakfast, and got another of those admirable views of the Upper Alps, which, notwithstanding the great beauty of its position and immediate environs, form the principal attraction of Berne. The peaks were draped rather than veiled in clouds, and it was not easy to say which was the most brilliant, the snow-white

vapour that adorned their sides, or the icy glaciers themselves. Still they were distinct from each other, forming some such contrast as that which exists between the raised and sunken parts on the faces of new coin.

We went to church and listened to some excellent German, after which we paid our last visit to La Lorraine. This house had been hired by King Jerome for a short time, after his exile in 1814, his brother Joseph occupying a neighbouring residence. The W——s told me that Jerome arrived, accompanied by his amiable wife, like a king, with horses, chamberlains, pages, and all the other appliances of royalty, and that it was curious, as well as painful, to witness how fast these followers dropped off, as the fate of the family appeared to be settled. Few besides the horses remained at the end of ten days!

On our return from this visit we went in a body to pay our respect to our old friends, the bears. I believe you have already been told that the city of Berne maintains four bears in certain deep pens, where it is the practice to

feed them with nuts, cakes, apples, &c., according to the liberality and humour of the visiter. The usage is very ancient, and has some connexion with a tradition that has given its name to the canton. A bear is also the arms of the state. One of these animals is a model of grace, waddling about on his hind legs like an alderman in a ball-room. You may imagine that P—— was excessively delighted at the sight of these old friends. The Bernese have an engraving of the graceful bear in his upright attitude; and the stove of our salon at the Crown, which is cf painted tile, among a goodly assemblage of gods and goddesses, includes Bruin as one of its ornaments.

François made his appearance after dinner, accompanied by his friend, *le petit Savoyard*, who had arrived from Frankfort, and came once more to offer his services to conduct us to Lapland should it be our pleasure to travel in that direction. It would have been ungracious to refuse so constant a suitor, and he was ordered to be in attendance next morning, to proceed towards the lake of Geneva.

In the evening we went on the Plateforme to witness the sunset, but the mountains were concealed by clouds. The place was crowded, and refreshments were selling in little pavilions erected for the purpose. We are the only Protestants who are such rigid observers of the Sabbath, the Scotch perhaps excepted. In England there is much less restraint than in America, and on the Continent the Protestants, though less gay than the Catholics, very generally consider it a day of recreation, after the services of the church are ended. I have heard some of them maintain that we have misinterpreted the meaning of the word holy, which obtains its true signification in the term holiday. I have never heard any one go so far, however, as Hannah Moore says was the case with Horace Walpole, who contended that the ten commandments were not meant for people of quality. No one whose mind and habits have got extricated from the fogs of provincial prejudices, will deny that we have many odious moral deformities in America, that appear in the garb of religious discipline and even reli-

gious doctrine, but which are no more than the offspring of sectarian fanaticism, and which, in fact, by annihilating charity, are so many blows given to the essential feature of Christianity; but, apart from these, I still lean to the opinion that we are quite as near the great truths as any other people extant.

Mr. ——, the English *chargé d'affaires*, whom I had known slightly at Paris, and Mr. ——, who had once belonged to the English legation in Washington, were on the Plateforme. The latter told me that Carroll of Carrollton was dead; that he had been dead a year; and that he had written letters of condolence on the occasion. I assured him that the old gentleman was alive on the 4th July last, for I had seen one of his letters in the public journals. Here was a capital windfall for a regular *diplomate*, who now, clearly, had nothing to do but to hurry home and write letters of felicitation!

The late changes in England have produced more than the usual mutations in her diplomatic corps, which, under ordinary circum-

stances, important trusts excepted, has hitherto been considered at the disposal of any minister. In America we make it matter of reproach that men are dismissed from office on account of their political opinions, and it is usual to cite England as an example of greater liberality. All this is singularly unjust, because in its spirit, like nine-tenths of our popular notions of England, it is singularly untrue. The changes of ministry, which merely involve the changes incident on taking power from one clique of the aristocracy to give it to another, have not hitherto involved questions of sufficient importance to render it matter of moment to purge all the lists of the disaffected; but since the recent serious struggles we have seen changes that do not occur even in America. Every Tory, for instance, is ousted from the legations, if we except nameless subordinates. The same purification is going on elsewhere, though the English system does not so much insist on the changes of *employés*, as that the *employés* themselves should change their opinions. How long would an English tide-waiter,

for instance, keep his place should he vote against the ministerial candidate? I apprehend these things depend on a common principle (*i. e.* self-interest) everywhere, and that it makes little difference, in substance, what the form of government may happen to be.

But of all the charges that have been brought against us, the comparative instability of the public favour, supposed to be a consequence of fluctuations in the popular will, is the most audacious, for it is contradicted by the example of every royal government in Christendom. Since the formation of the present American constitutions, there have been but two changes of administration, that have involved changes of principles, or changes in popular will;—that which placed Mr. Jefferson in the seat of Mr. Adams, senior, and that which placed Mr. Jackson in the seat of Mr. Adams, junior: whereas, during the short period of my visit to Europe, I have witnessed six or seven absolute changes of the English ministry, and more than twenty in France, besides one re-

volution. Liberty has been, hitherto, in the situation of the lion whose picture was drawn by a man, but which there was reason to think would receive more favourable touches, when the lion himself should take up the pallet.

LETTER XVII.

Our Voiturier and his Horses.—A Swiss Diligence.—Morat.—Inconstancy of feeling.—Our route to Vévey—Lake Leman.—Difficulty in hiring a House.—"Mon Repos" engaged for a month.—Vévey—The great Square—The Town-house.—Environs of Vévey.—Summer Church and Winter Church.—Clergy of the Canton.—Population of Vaud.—Elective qualifications of Vaud.

DEAR ——,

LE PETIT SAVOYARD was punctual, and after breakfasting, away we rolled, along the even and beaten road towards Morat. This man and his team were epitomes of the *voiturier* caste and their fixtures. He himself was a firm, sun-burned, compact little fellow, just suited to ride a wheeler, while the horses were sinewy, and so lean, that there was no mistaking their vocation. Every bone in their bodies spoke of the weight of *miladi*, and her heavy English travelling chariot, and I really thought they seemed to be glad

to get a whole American family in place of an Englishwoman and her maid. The morning was fine, and our last look at the Oberland peaks was sunny and pleasant. There they stood ranged along the horizon, like sentinels (not light-houses) of the skies, severe, chiseled, brilliant, and grand.

Another travelling equipage of the gregarious kind, or in which the carriage as well as the horses was the property of the *voiturier*, and the passengers mere *pic-nics*, was before us in ascending a long hill, affording an excellent opportunity to dissect the whole party. As it is a specimen of the groups one constantly meets on the road, I will give you some idea of the component parts.

The *voiturier* was merely a larger brother of *le petit Savoyard*, and his horses, three in number, were walking bundles of chopped straw. The carriage was spacious, and I dare say convenient, though anything but beautiful. On the top there was a rail, within which effects were stowed beneath an apron, leaving an outline not unlike the ridges of the Alps. The merry rogues

within had chosen to take room to themselves, and not a package of any sort encumbered their movements. And here I will remark, that America, free and independent, is the only country in which I have ever journeyed, where the comfort and convenience of the vehicle is the first thing considered, that of the baggage the next, and that of the passengers the last.* Fortunately for the horses, there were but four passengers, though the vehicle could have carried eight. One, by his little green cap, with a misshapen shade for the eyes; light, shaggy, uncombed hair; square high shoulders; a coat that appeared to be half-male half-female; pipe and pouch—was undeniably a German student, who was travelling south to finish his metaphysics with a few practical notions of men and things. A second

* The Americans are a singularly good-natured people, and probably submit to more impositions, that are presented as appeals to the spirit of accommodation, than any other people on earth. The writer has frequently ridden miles in torture to *accommodate* a trunk, and the steam-boats manage matters so to *accommodate everybody*, that everybody is put to inconvenience. All this is done, with the most indomitable kindness and good-nature, on all sides, the people daily, nay hourly exhibiting, in all their public relations, the truth of the axiom, "that what is everybody's business, is nobody's business."

was a Jew, who had trade in every lineament, and who belonged so much to *the* nation, that I could not give him to any other nation in particular. He was older, more wary, less joyous, and probably much more experienced, than either of his companions. When they laughed, he only smiled; when they sang, he hummed; and when they seemed thoughtful, he grew sad. I could make nothing out of him, except that he ran a thorough bass to the higher pitches of his companions' humours. The third was Italian "for a ducat." A thick, bushy, glossy, curling head of hair was covered by a little scarlet cap, tossed negligently on one side, as if lodged there by chance; his eye was large, mellow, black as jet, and full of fun and feeling; his teeth white as ivory; and the sun, the glorious sun, and the thoughts of Italy, towards which he was travelling, had set all his animal spirits in motion. I caught a few words in bad French, which satisfied me that he and the German were jeering each other on their respective national peculiarities. Such is man; his egotism and vanity first centre in himself, and he is ready to defend him-

self against the reproofs of even his own mother; then his wife, his child, his brother, his friend is admitted, in succession, within the pale of his self-love, according to their affinities with the great centre of the system; and finally he can so far expand his affections as to embrace his country, when that of another presents its pretensions in hostility. When the question arises, as between humanity and the beasts of the field, he gets to be a philanthropist!

Morat, with its walls of Jericho, soon received us, and we drove to an inn, where chopped straw was ordered for the horses, and a more substantial *goûter* for ourselves. Leaving the former to discuss their meal, after finishing our own, we walked ahead, and waited the appearance of the little Savoyard, on the scene of the great battle between the Swiss and the Burgundians. The country has undergone vast changes since the fifteenth century, and cultivation has long since caused the marsh, in which so many of the latter perished, to disappear, though it is easy to see where it must have formerly been. I

have nothing new to say concerning Avenche, whose Roman ruins, after Rome itself, scarce caused us to cast a glance at them, and we drove up to the door of the *Ours* at Payerne, without alighting. When we are children, we fancy that sweets can never cloy, and indignantly repel the idea that tarts and sugar-plums will become matters of indifference to us; a little later we swear eternal constancy to a first love, and form everlasting friendships: as time slips away, we marry three or four wives, shoot a bosom-friend or two, and forget the looks of those whose images were to be graven on our hearts for ever. You will wonder at this digression, which has been excited by the simple fact that I actually caught myself gaping, when something was said about Queen Bertha and her saddle. The state of apathy to which one finally arrives is really frightful!

We left Payerne early and breakfasted at the "inevitable inn" of Moudon. Here it was necessary to decide in what direction to steer, for I had left the charter-party with

le petit Savoyard, open, on this essential point. The weather was so fine, the season of the year so nearly the same, and most of the other circumstances so very much like those under which we had made the enchanting passage along the head of the Leman four years before, that we yielded to the desire to renew the pleasures of such a transit, and turned our faces towards Vévey.

At the point where the roads separate, therefore, we diverged from the main route, which properly leads to Lausanne, inclining southward. We soon were rolling along the margin of the little blue lake that lies on the summit of the hills, so famous for its prawns. We knew that a few minutes would bring us to the brow of the great declivity, and all eyes were busy, and all heads eagerly in motion. As for myself, I took my station on the dickey, determined to let nothing escape me in a scene that I remembered with so much enduring delight.

Contrary to the standing rule in such cases, the reality surpassed expectation. Notwith-

standing our long sojourn in Italy, and the great variety and magnificence of the scenery we had beheld, I believe there was not a feeling of disappointment among us all. There lay the Leman, broad, blue, and tranquil; with its surface dotted by sails, or shadowed by grand mountains; its shores varying from the impending precipice, to the sloping and verdant lawn; the solemn, mysterious, and glen-like valley of the Rhone; the castles, towns, villages, hamlets, and towers, with all the smiling acclivities loaded with vines, villas, and churches; the remoter pastures, out of which the brown chalets rose like subdued bas-reliefs, and the back-ground of *dents*, peaks, and glaciers. Taking it altogether, it is one of the most ravishing views of an earth that is only too lovely for its evil-minded tenants; a world that bears about it, in every lineament, the impression of its divine Creator!

One of our friends used to tell an anecdote of the black servant of a visiter at Niagara, who could express his delight, on seeing the

falls, in no other way than by peals of laughter; and, perhaps I ought to hesitate to confess it, but I actually imitated the negro, as this glorious view broke suddenly upon me. Mine, however, was a laugh of triumph, for I instantly discovered that my feelings were not quite worn out, and that it was still possible to awaken enthusiasm within me, by the sight of an admirable nature.

Our first resolution was to pass a month in this beautiful region. Pointing to a building that stood a thousand feet below us, on a little grassy knoll that was washed by the lake, and which had the quaint appearance of a tiny chateau of the middle ages, we claimed it, at once, as the very spot suited for the temporary residence of your scenery-hunters. We all agreed that nothing could possibly suit us better, and we went down the descent, among vineyards and cottages, not building "castles in the air," but peopling one in a valley. It was determined to dwell in that house, if it could be had for love or money, or the thing was at all practicable.

It was still early when we reached the inn in Vévey, and I was scarcely on the ground, before I commenced the necessary inquiries about the little chateauish house. As is usual in some parts of Europe, I was immediately referred to a female commissionnaire, a sort of domestic broker of all-work. This woman supplies travelling families with linen, and, at need, with plate; and she could greatly facilitate matters, by knowing where and to whom to apply for all that was required; an improvement in the division of labour that may cause you to smile, but which is extremely useful, and, on the whole, like all division of labour, economical.

The commissionnaire informed us that there were an unusual number of furnished houses to be let, in the neighbourhood, the recent political movements having driven away their ordinary occupants, the English and Russians. Some of the proprietors, however, might object to the shortness of the time that we could propose for, (a month,) as it was customary to let the residences by the year. There was

nothing like trying, however, and, ordering dinner to be ready against our return, we took a carriage and drove along the lake-shore as far as Clarens, so renowned in the pages of Rousseau. I ought, however, to premise that I would not budge a foot until the woman assured me, over and over, that the little antiquated edifice, under the mountain, which had actually been a sort of chateau, was not at all habitable for a genteel family, but had degenerated to a mere coarse farm-house, which, in this country, like "love in a cottage," does better in idea than in the reality. We gave up our "castle under the hill" with reluctance, and proceeded to Clarens, where a spacious, unshaded building, without a spark of poetry about it, was first shown us. This was refused, incontinently. We then tried one or two more, until the shades of night overtook us. At one place the proprietor was chasing a cow through an orchard, and, probably a little heated with his exercise, he rudely repelled the application of the commis-

sionnaire, by telling her, when he understood the house was wanted for only a month, that he did not keep a *maison garnie.* I could not affirm to the contrary, and we returned to the inn discomfited, for the night.

Early next morning the search was renewed with zeal. We climbed the mountain-side, in the rear of the town, among vines, orchards, hamlets, terraces, castles, and villas, to see one of the latter, which was refused on account of its remoteness from the lake. We then went to see a spot that was the very *beau idéal* of an abode for people like ourselves, who were out in quest of the picturesque. It is called the Chateau of Piel, a small hamlet, immediately on the shore of the lake, and quite near Vévey, while it is perfectly retired. The house is spacious, reasonably comfortable, and had some fine old towers built into the modern parts, a detached ruin, and a long narrow terrace, under the windows, that overhung the blue Leman, and which faced the glorious rocks of Savoy. Our application for this residence was

also refused, on account of the shortness of the time we intended to remain.

We had in reserve, all this time, two or three regular *maisons meublées* in the town itself, and finally took refuge in one called "Mon Repos," which stands quite near the lake, and in a retired corner of the place. A cook was engaged forthwith, and in less than twenty-four hours after entering Vévey, we had set up our household gods, and were to be reckon-

* It is not easy for the writer to speak of many personal incidents, lest the motive might be mistaken, in a country where there are so many always disposed to attach a base one if they can; but, it is so creditable to the advanced state of European civilization and intelligence, that, at any hazard, he will here say, that even his small pretensions to literary reputation frequently were of great service to him, and, in no instance, even in those countries whose prejudices he had openly opposed, had he any reason to believe it was of any personal disadvantage. This feeling prevailed at the English custom-houses, at the bureaux all over the Continent, and frequently even at the inns. In one instance, in Italy, an apartment that had been denied, was subsequently offered to him on his own terms, on this account; and, on the present occasion, the proprietor of the Chateau de Piel, who resided Geneva, sent a handsome expression of his regret that his agent should have thought it necessary to deny the application of a gentleman of his pursuits. Even the cow-chaser paid a similar homage to letters. In short, let the truth be said, the only country in which the writer has found his pursuits a disadvantage, *is his own.*

ed among them who boiled our pot in the commune. This was not quite as prompt as the proceedings had been at Spa; but here we had been bothered by the picturesque, while at Spa we consulted nothing but comfort. Our house was sufficiently large, perfectly clean, and, though without carpets or mats, things but little used in Switzerland, quite as comfortable as was necessary for a travelling bivouac. The price was sixty dollars a month, including plate and linen. Of course it might have been got at a much lower rate, had we taken it by the year.

One of the first measures, after getting possession of Mon Repos, was to secure a boat. This was soon done, as there are several in constant attendance, at what is called the port. Harbour, strictly speaking, Vévey has none, though there is a commencement of a mole, which scarcely serves to afford shelter to a skiff. The crafts in use on the lake are large two-masted boats, having decks much broader than their true beam, and which carry most of their freight above board. The sails are strictly nei-

ther latine nor lug, but sufficiently like the former to be picturesque, especially in the distance. These vessels are not required to make good weather, as they invariably run for the land when it blows, unless the wind happen to be fair, and sometimes even then. Nothing can be more primitive than the outfit of one of these barks, and yet they appear to meet the wants of the lake. Luckily Switzerland has no custom-houses, and the King of Sardinia appears to be wise enough to let the Savoyards enjoy nearly as much commercial liberty as their neighbours. Three cantons, Geneva, which embraces its foot; Vaud, which bounds nearly the whole of the northern shore; Valais, which encircles the head; together with Savoy, which lies along the cavity of the crescent, are bounded by the lake. There are also many towns and villages on the lake, among which Geneva, Lausanne, and Vévey are the principal.

This place lies immediately at the foot of the Chardonne, a high retiring section of the

mountains called the Jorat, and is completely sheltered from the north winds. This advantage it possesses in common with the whole district between Lausanne and Villeneuve, a distance of some fifteen miles, and, the mountains acting as great natural walls, the fruits of milder latitudes are successfully cultivated, notwithstanding the general elevation of the lake above the sea is near thirteen hundred feet. Although a good deal frequented by strangers, Vévey is less a place of fashionable resort than Lausanne, and is consequently much simpler in its habits, and I suppose cheaper, as a residence. It may have four or five thousand inhabitants, and possessing one or two considerable squares, it covers rather more ground than places of that population usually do, in Europe. It has no edifice of much pretension, and yet it is not badly built.

We passed the first three or four days in looking about us, and, on the whole, we have been rather pleased with the place. Our house is but a stone's throw from the water, at a

point where there is what in the Manhattanese dialect would be called a battery.* This *battery* leads to the mole and the great square. At the first corner of the latter stands a small semi-castellated edifice, with the colours of the canton on the window-shutters, which is now in some way occupied for public purposes, and which formerly was the residence of the *bailli*, or the local governor that Berne formerly sent to rule them in the name of the Burgerschaft. The square is quite large, and usually contains

* The manner in which the English language is becoming corrupted in America, as well as in England, is a matter of serious regret. Some accidental circumstance induced the Manhattanese to call a certain enclosure the Park. This name, probably, at first was appropriate enough, as there might have been an intention really to form a park, though the enclosure is now scarcely large enough to be termed a paddock. This name, however, has extended to the enclosures in other areas, and we have already, in vulgar parlance, St. John's Park, Washington Park, and *least* though not *last*, Duane-street *Park*, an enclosure of the shape of, and not much larger then, a cocked-hat. The site of an ancient fort on the water has been converted into a promenade, and has well enough been called *the Battery*. But other similar promenades are projected, and the name is extended to them! Thus, in the Manhattanese dialect, any enclosure in a town, *off the water*, that is planted, is a *park*, and any similar enclosure, *on the water*, a *battery!* The worthy aldermen may call this English, but it will not be easy to persuade any but their constituents to believe them.

certain piles of boards, &c. that are destined for the foot of the lake, lumber being a material article in the commerce of the place. On this square, also, is the ordinary market and several inns. The town-house is an ancient building in a more crowded quarter, and at the northern gate are the remains of another structure that has an air of antiquity, which I believe also belongs to the public. Beyond these and its glorious views, Vévey, in itself, has but little to attract attention. But its environs contain its sources of pride. Besides the lake-shore, which varies in its form and beauties, it is not easy to imagine a more charming acclivity than that which lies behind the town. The inclination is by no means as great, just at this spot, as it is both farther east and farther west, but it admits of cultivation, of sites for hamlets, and is much broken by inequalities and spacious natural terraces. I cannot speak with certainty of the extent of this acclivity, but, taking the eye for a guide, I should think there is quite a league of the inclined plane in view from

the town. It is covered with hamlets, chateaux, country-houses, churches and cottages, and besides its vines, of which there are many near the town, it is highly beautiful from the verdure of its slopes, its orchards, and its groves of nut-trees.

Among other objects that crowd this background, is a church which stands on a sharp acclivity, about a quarter of a mile on the rear of the town. It is a stone building of some size, and has a convenient artificial terrace that commands, as a matter of course, a most lovely view. We attended service in it the first Sunday after our arrival, and found the rites homely and naked, very much like those of our own Presbyterians. There was a luxury about this building that you would hardly expect to meet among a people so simple, which quite puts the coquetry of our own carpeted, cushioned, closet-like places of worship to shame. This is the summer church of Vévey, another being used for winter. This surpasses the refinement of the Roman ladies, who had their summer and their winter rings,

but were satisfied to use the same temples the year round. After all, there is something reasonable in this indulgence: one may love to go up to a high place to worship, whence he can look abroad on the glories of a magnificent nature, which always disposes the mind to venerate Omnipotence, and, unable to enjoy the advantage the year round, there is good sense in seizing such occasions as offer for the indulgence. I have frequently met with churches in Switzerland perched on the most romantic sites, though this is the first whose distinctive uses I have ascertained. There is a monument to the memory of Ludlow, one of Charles' judges, in this church, and an inscription which attributes to him civic and moral merits of a high order.

The clergy in this canton, as in most if not all the others, are supported by the state. There is religious toleration, much as it formerly existed in New England, each citizen being master of his religious professions, but being compelled to support religion itself. Here, however, the salaries are regulated by

a common scale, without reference to particular congregations or parishes. The pastors at first receive rather less than three hundred dollars a year. This allowance is increased about fifty dollars at the end of six years, and by the same sum at each successive period of six years, until the whole amounts to two thousand Swiss, or three thousand French francs, which is something less than six hundred dollars. There is also a house and a garden, and pensions are bestowed on the widows and children. On the whole, the state has too much connexion with this great interest, but the system has the all-important advantage of preventing men from profaning the altar as a pecuniary speculation. The population of Vaud is about 155,000 souls, and there are one hundred and fifty-eight Protestant pastors, besides four Catholics, or about one clergyman to each thousand souls, which is just about the proportion that exists in New York.

In conversing with an intelligent Vaudois on returning from the church, I found that a

great deal of interest is excited in this canton by the late conspiracy in Berne. The Vaudois have got that attachment to liberty which is ever the result of a long political dependence, and which so naturally disposes the inferior to resist the superior. It is not pretended, however, that the domination of Berne was particularly oppressive, though, as a matter of course, whenever the interests of Vaud happened to conflict with those of the great canton, the former had to succumb. Still the reaction of a political dependency, which lasted more than two centuries and a half, had brought about, even previously to the late changes, a much more popular form of government than was usual in Switzerland, and the people here really manifest some concern on the subject of this effort of aristocracy. As you may like to compare the elective qualifications of one of the more liberal cantons of the confederation with some of our own, I will give you an outline of those of Vaud, copied, in the substance, from Picot.

The voter must have had a legal domicile in

the canton one year, be a citizen, twenty-five years old, and be of the number of *the three-fourths of the citizens who pay the highest land-tax,* or have three sons enrolled and serving in the militia. Domestics, persons receiving succour from the parishes, bankrupts, outlaws, and convicted criminals, are perpetually excluded from the elective franchise.

This system, though far better than that of France, which establishes a certain *amount* of direct taxation, is radically vicious, as it makes property, and that of a particular species, the test of power. It is, in truth, the old English plan a little modified; and the recent revolution that has lately taken place in England, under the name of reform, goes to prove that it is a system which contains in itself the seeds of vital changes. As every political question is strictly one of practice, *changes* become necessary everywhere with the changes of circumstances, and these are truly reforms; but when they become so serious as to overturn principles, they produce the effects of revolutions, though possibly in a mitigated form. Every system, therefore, should

be so framed as to allow of all the alterations which are necessary to convenience, with a strict regard to its own permanency as connected with its own governing principle. In America, in consequence of having attended to this necessity from the commencement, we have undergone no revolution in principle in half a century, though constantly admitting of minor changes, while nearly all Europe has, either in theory or in practice, or in both, been effectually revolutionized. Nor does the short period from which our independent existence dates furnish any argument against us, as it is not so much *time*, as the *changes* of which time is the parent, that tries political systems; and America has undergone the ordinary changes, such as growth, extension of interests, and the other governing circumstances of society, that properly belong to two centuries, within the last fifty years. America to-day, in all but government, is less like the America of 1776, than the France of to-day is like the France of 1600. While it is the fashion to scout our example as merely that of an untried experiment, ours is fast getting to be the

oldest political system in Christendom, as applied to one and the same people. *Nations* are not easily destroyed,—they exist under a variety of mutations, and names last longer than things; but I now speak in reference to distinguishing and prominent facts, without regard to the various mystifications under which personal interests disguise themselves.

LETTER XVIII.

Neglect of the Vine in America.—Drunkenness in France.—Cholera especially fatal to Drunkards.—The Soldier's and the Sailor's Vice.—Sparkling Champagne and Still Champagne.—Excessive Price of these Wines in America.—Burgundy.—Proper Soil for the Vine.—Anecdote.—Vines of Vêvey.—The American Fox-grape.

DEAR ——,

A LITTLE incident has lately impressed me with the great wealth of this quarter of the world in wines, as compared with our own poverty. By poverty, I do not mean ignorance of the beverage, or a want of good liquors; for I believe few nations have so many varieties, or varieties so excellent, as ourselves. Certainly it is not common to meet as good Bordeaux wines in Paris as in New York. The other good liquors of France are not so common; and yet the best Burgundy I ever drank was in Ame-

nea.* This is said without reference to the different qualities of the vineyards — but, by poverty, I mean the want of the vines.

Vineyards abound all over the American continent, within the proper latitudes, except in the portions of it peopled by the colonists who have an English origin. To this fact, then, it is fair to infer, that we owe the general neglect of this generous plant among ourselves. The Swiss, German, and French emigrants, are already thinking of the vine, while we have been in possession of the country two centuries without making a cask of wine. If this be not literally true, it is so nearly true, as to render it not less a leading fact. I do not attach exactly the same moral consequences to the want of the vine as is usually attributed to the circumstances by political economists; though I am of opinion that serious physical evils may be traced to this cause. Men will seek some stimulus or other, if it be attainable, place them in what situations

* Since his return, the author can say the same of Rhenish wines, though the tavern wines of Germany are usually much better than the tavern wines of France

you will. Although wine is forbidden by the Koran, the Mahomedan is often intoxicated; and my own eyes have shown me how much drunkenness exists in the vine-growing countries of Europe. On this subject it may be well to say a word *en passant*.

I came to Europe under the impression that there was more drunkenness among us than in any other country, England, perhaps, excepted. A residence of six months in Paris changed my views entirely. You will judge of my surprise when first I saw a platoon of the Royal Guard,—literally a whole platoon, so far as numbers and the order of their promenade was concerned,—staggering drunk, within plain view of the palace of their master. From this time I became more observant, and not a day passed that I did not see men, and even women, in the same situation in the open streets. Usually, when the fact was mentioned to Americans, they expressed surprise, declaring they had never seen such a thing! They were too much amused with other sights to regard this; and then they had come abroad with different notions, and it is easier to float in the

current of popular opinion than to stem it. In two or three instances I have taken the unbelievers with me into the streets, where I have never failed to convince them of their mistake in the course of an hour. These experiments, too, were usually made in the better quarters of the town, or near our own residence, where one is much less apt to meet with drunkenness than in the other quarters. On one occasion, a party of four of us went out with this object, and we passed thirteen drunken men, during a walk of an hour. Many of them were so far gone, as to be totally unable to walk. I once saw, on the occasion of a festival, three men literally wallowing in the gutter before my window; a degree of beastly degradation I never witnessed in any other country.

The usual reply of a Frenchman, when the subject has been introduced, was that the army of occupation introduced the habit into the capital. But I have spoken to you of M——, a man whose candour is only equalled by his information. He laughed at this account of the matter, saying that he had now known France nearly

sixty years; it is his native country; and he says that he cannot see any difference, in this particular, in his time. It is probable that, during the wars of Napoleon, when there was so great a demand for men of the lower classes, it was less usual to encounter this vice in the open streets, than now, for want of subjects; but, by all I can learn, there never was a time when drunkards did not abound in France. I do assure you that, in the course of passing between Paris and London, I have been more struck by drunkenness in the streets of the former, than in those of the latter.

Not long since, I asked a labourer if he ever got *grisé*, and he laughingly told me—"yes, whenever he could." He moreover added, that a good portion of his associates did the same thing. Now I take it, this word *grisé* contains the essence of the superiority of wine over whiskey. It means fuddled, a condition from which one recovers more readily, than from downright drunkenness, and of which the physical effects are not so injurious. I believe the consequences of even total inebriety from

wine, are not as bad as those which follow inebriety from whiskey and rum. But your real amateur, here, is no more content with wine, than he is with us; he drinks a white brandy that is pretty near the pure alcohol.

The cholera has laid bare the secrets of drunkenness, all over Europe. At first we were astonished when the disease got among the upper classes; but, with all my experience, I confess I was astonished at hearing it whispered of a gentleman, as I certainly did in a dozen instances—"*mais il avait l'habitude de boire trop.*" Cholera, beyond a question, killed many a sober man, but it also laid bare the fault of many a devotee of the bottle.

Drunkenness, almost as a matter of course, abounds in nearly all, if not in all, the armies of Europe. It is peculiarly the soldier's and the sailor's vice, and some queer scenes have occurred directly under my own eyes here, which go to prove it. Take among others, the fact, that a whole guard, not long since, got drunk in the Faubourg St. Germain, and

actually arrested people in the streets and confined them in the guard-house. The Invalids are notorious for staggering back to their quarters; and I presume I have seen a thousand of these worthies, first and last, as happy as if they had all their eyes, and arms, and legs about them. The official reports show ten thousand cases of females arrested for drunkenness, in Paris, during the last year.—But to return to our vineyards.

Although I am quite certain drunkenness is not prevented by the fact that wine is within the reach of the mass, it is easy to see that its use is less injurious, physically, than that of the stronger compounds and distillations, to which the people of the non-vine-growing regions have recourse as substitutes. Nature is a better brewer than man, and the pure juice of the grape is less injurious than the mixed and fiery beverages that are used in America. In reasonable quantities, it is not injurious at all. Five-and-twenty years since, when I first visited Europe, I was astonished to see wine drunk

in tumblers. I did not at first understand that half of what I had up to that time been drinking was brandy, under the name of wine."

While our imported wines are, as a whole, so good, we do not always show the same discrimination in choosing. There is very little good champagne, for instance, drunk in America. A vast deal is consumed, and we are beginning to understand that it is properly a table-wine, or one that is to be taken with the meats; but sparkling champagne is, *ex necessitate*, a wine of inferior quality. No wine *mousses*, as the French term it, that has body enough to pass a certain period without fermentation. My friend de V—— is a proprietor of vines at Ay, and he tells me that the English take most of their good wines, which are the "still champagnes," and the Russians and the Americans the poor, or the sparkling. A great deal of the sparkling, however, is consumed in France, the price better suiting French economy. But the wine-growers of Champagne themselves speak of us as consumers of their second-class liquors.

I drunk at Paris, as good "sparkling cham-

pagne" as anybody I knew, de V—— having the good nature to let me have it, from his cellar, for the price at which it is sold to the dealer and exporter, or at three francs the bottle. The *octroi* and the transportation bring the price up to about three francs and a ha This then is the cost to the restaurateur and the innkeeper. These sell it again to their customers, at six francs the bottle. Now a bottle of wine ought not, and I presume does not, cost the American dealer any more; the difference in favour of the duty, more than equalling the difference against them, in the transportation. This wine is sold in our eating-houses and taverns at two dollars, and even at two dollars and a half, the bottle! In other words, the consumer pays three times the amount of the first cost and charges. Now, it happens, that there is something very like free trade in this article, (to use the vernacular,) and here are its fruits. You also see in this fact, the truth of what I have told you of our paying for the want of a class of men who will be content to be shopkeepers and innkeepers,

and who do not look forward to becoming anything more. I do not say that we are the less respectable for this circumstance, but we are, certainly, as a people, less comfortable. Champagne, Rhenish, and Bordeaux wines ought to be sold in New York, quite as cheap as they are sold in the great towns of the countries in which they are made. They can be bought of the wine-merchants nearly as low, even as things are.

If the innkeepers and steam-boat stewards, of America, would buy and sell low-priced Burgundy wines, that, as the French call it, *carry water well*, as well as some other wines that might be named, the custom of drinking this innocent and useful beverage at table would become general, attention would then be paid to the vine, and in twenty years we should be consumers of the products of our own vineyards.

The idea that our winters are too severe can hardly be just. There may be mountainous districts where such is the fact, but, in a country that extends from the 27th to the 47th de-

grees of latitude, it is scarcely possible to suppose the vine cannot flourish. I have told you that wine is made on the Elbe, and it is made in more than half the Swiss cantons. Proper exposures and proper soil are necessary for good wines, anywhere, but nothing is easier than to have both. In America, I fear, we have hitherto sought land that was too rich; or rather, land that is wanting in the proper and peculiar richness that is congenial to the vine. All the great vineyards I have seen, and all of which I can obtain authentic accounts, are on thin gravelly soils; frequently, as is the case in the Rheingau, on decomposed granite, quartz, and sienite. Slate mixed with quartz on a clayish bottom, and with basalt, is esteemed a good soil, as is also marl and gravel. The Germans use rich manures, but I do not think this is the case in France.

The grape that makes good wine is rarely fit to eat. Much care is had to reject the defective fruit, when a delicate wine is expected, just as we cull apples to make fine cider. A really good vineyard is a fortune at once, and

a tolerable one is as good a disposition as can be made of land. All the fine wines of Hockheim are said to be the produce of only eight or ten acres. There is certainly more land than this, in the vine, south of the village, but the rest is not esteemed to be Hockheimer.

Time is indispensable to fine wines, and time is a thing that an American lives too fast to spare. The grapes become better by time, although periodically renewed, and the wine improves in the same way. I have told you in these letters, that I passed a vineyard on the lake of Zurich of which there are records to show it has borne the vine five hundred years. Five centuries since, if historians are to be believed, the winters on this lake must have been as severe as they are usually on Champlain; they are almost as severe, even now.

Extraordinary characters are given to some of the vines here. Thus some of the Moselle wines, it is said, will not make good vinegar! If this be true, judging by my own experience, vinegar is converted into wines of the Moselle. I know no story of this sort, after all, that

is more marvellous than one I have heard of the grandfather of A——, and which I believe to be perfectly true, as it is handed down on authority that can scarcely be called in question.

A pipe of Madeira was sent to him, about the year 1750, which proved to be so bad that, giving it up as a gone case, he ordered it to be put in the sun, with a bottle in its bung-hole, in order that it might, at least, make good vinegar. His official station compelled him to entertain a great deal, and his factotum, on these occasions, was a negro, whose name I have forgotten. This fellow, a capital servant when sober, occasionally did as he saw his betters do, and got drunk. Of course this greatly deranged the economy of the government dinners. On one occasion, particular care was taken to keep him in his right senses, and yet at the critical moment he appeared behind his master's chair, as happy as the best of them. This matter was seriously inquired into next day, when it was discovered that a miracle had been going on

out of doors, and that the vinegar had been transformed into wine. The tradition is, that this wine was remarkable for its excellence, and that it was long known by the name of the negro, as the best wine of a colony, where more good wine of the sort was drunk, probably, than was ever known by the same number of people, in the same time, anywhere else. Now should one experimenting on a vineyard, in América, find vinegar come from his press, he would never have patience to let it ferment itself back into good liquor. Patience, I conceive, is the only obstacle to our becoming a great wine-growing and a great silk-growing country.

I have been led into these remarks by observing the vineyards here. The *qualities* of wines, of course, are affected by the positions of the vineyards, for all who can make wine do not make good wine, but the vines of Vévey, owing most probably to their exposure, are said to be the best of Switzerland. The best liquor comes from St. Saphorin, a hamlet that is quite near the town, which

lies at the foot of the acclivity, described to you in our approach to this place. The little chateau-looking house that so much struck our fancies, on that occasion, is, in fact, in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot. All these circumstances show how much depends on minor circumstances in the cultivation of the vine, and how much may be expected from the plant, when care is had to respect them.

The heat may be too great for the vineyards as well as the cold. In Italy there is a practice of causing the vines to run on trees, in order to diminish the effect of the heat, by means of the shade they create. But the good wines are nearly everywhere, if not positively everywhere, produced from short, clipped standards. This fact has induced me to think that we may succeed better with the vine in the middle, and even in the eastern, than in the southern and western states. I take it, the cold is of no importance, provided it be not so intense as to kill the plant, and the season is long enough to permit the fruit to ripen. It would

be absurd in me, who have but a very superficial knowledge of the subject, to pretend to be very skilful in this matter, but I cannot help thinking that, if one had patience to try the experiment, it would be found the common little American fox-grape would in time bring a fine wine. It greatly resembles the grapes of some of the best vineyards here, and the fact of its not being a good eating grape is altogether in its favour.

In short, I throw it out as a conjecture more than as an ascertained fact, it is true, but from all I have seen in Europe, I am induced to think that, in making our experiments on the vine, we, have been too ambitious to obtain a fat soil, and too wary of the higher latitudes of the country. A gravelly hill-side, in the interior, that has been well stirred, and which has the proper exposure, I cannot but think would bring good wine, in all the low countries of the middle states.

LETTER XX.

The Leman Lake—Excursions on it —The coast of Savoy —Grandeur and beauty of the Rocks —Sunset —Evening Scene.—American Families residing on the banks of the Lake —Conversation with a Vevaisan on the subject of America —The Nullification question —America misrepresented in Europe —Rowland Stephenson in the United States —Unworthy arts to bring America into disrepute —Blunders of Europe in respect of America —The Kentuckians —Foreign Associations in the States —Illiberal Opinions of many Americans —Prejudices.

DEAR ——,

OUR residence at Vévey, thus far, has been fruitful of pleasure. The lake, with its changeful aspects and movement, wears better even than the Oberland Alps, and we have now become thoroughly convinced of our mistake in establishing ourselves at Berne, beautiful as is that place, in 1828. The motive was a desire to be central, but Switzerland is so small that the distances are of no great moment, and I would advise all our friends who intend to pass a summer in the cantons, and who have need of

a house, to choose their station somewhere on the shores of the Leman. Two steam-boats ply daily in different directions, and it is of little consequence at which end one may happen to be. Taking everything into consideration, "*mon lac est le premier*," is true; though it may be questioned if M. de Voltaire ever saw, or had occasion to see, half of its advantages.

We never tire of the Leman, but spend two or three hours every day in the boat. Sometimes we row in front of the town, which literally stands in the water, in some places, musing on the quaint old walls, and listening to the lore of honest John, who moves two crooked oars as leisurely as a lady of the tropic utters, but who has seen great events in his time. Sometimes even this lazy action is too much for the humour of the moment, and we are satisfied with drifting along the shore, for there is generally current enough to carry us the whole length of Vévey in half an hour. Occasionally we are tossed about like an egg-shell, the winds at a distance soon throwing this part of the sheet into commotion. On the whole, however, we have,

as yet, had little besides calms, and, what is unusual in Switzerland, not a drop of rain.

We have no reason to suspect the lake to be unhealthy, for we are often out until after sunset, without experiencing any ill effects. The shores are everywhere bold about Vévey, though the meadows and the waters meet near the entrance of the Rhone, some eight or ten miles from this place, in a way to raise the thoughts of rushes and lilies, and a suspicion of fevers. The pure air and excellent food of the mountains, however, have done us all good thus far, and we are looking eagerly forward to the season of grapes, which is drawing near, and which everybody says makes those who are perfectly well, infinitely better.

I have not yet spoken to you of the greatest charm in the scenery of Vévey, and the one which perhaps has given us the highest degree of satisfaction. The coast of Savoy, immediately opposite the town, is a range of magnificent rocks, that rises some four or five thousand feet above the surface of the water. In general these precipices are nearly perpendicular, though their

surfaces are broken by huge ravines, that may well be termed valleys. This is the region that impends over Meillerie, St. Gingoulph, and Evian, towns or hamlets that cling to the bases of the mountains, and form, of themselves, beautiful objects, from this side of the lake. The distance from Vévey to the opposite shore, agreeably to the authority of old John, our boatman, is about five miles, though the great purity of the atmosphere and the height of the land make it appear less. The summit of the rocks of Savoy are broken into the most fantastical forms, so beautifully and evenly drawn, though they are quite irregular and without design, that I have termed them natural arabesques. No description can give you an accurate idea of their beauty, for I know nothing else in nature to compare them to. As they lie nearly south of us, I cannot account for the unusual glow of the atmosphere behind them, at every clear sunset, except from the reflection of the glaciers; Mont Blanc lying in that direction, at the distance of about fifty miles, though invisible. Now the effect of the outline of these rocks, at, or after sunset, relieved

by a soft, golden sky, is not only one of the finest sights of Switzerland, but, in its way, is just the most perfect spectacle I have ever beheld. It is not so apt to extort sudden admiration, as the rosy tints and spectral hues of the high Alps, at the same hour; but it wins on you, in the way the lonely shadows of the Apennines grow on the affections, and, so far from tiring or becoming satisfied with their view, each successive evening brings greater delight than the last. You may get some idea of what I mean, by imagining vast arabesques, rounded and drawn in a way that no art can equal, standing out huge, and dark, and grand, in high relief, blending sublimity with a bewitching softness, against a sky, whose light is slowly passing from the glow of fiery gold, to the mildest tints of evening. I scarcely know when this scene is most to be admired; when the rocks appear distinct and brown, showing their material, and the sky is burnished; or when the first are nearly black masses, on whose surfaces nothing is visible, and the void beyond is just pregnant with sufficient light to expose their exquisite forms. Perhaps this is the

perfection of the scene, for the gloom of the hour throws a noble mystery over all.

These are the sights that form the grandest features in Swiss scenery. That of the high peaks cut off from the earth by the clouds, is perhaps the most extraordinary of them all; but I think this of the rocks of Savoy the one that wins the most on the affections, although this opinion is formed from a knowledge of the general fact that objects which astonish so greatly at first, do not, as a rule, continue the longest to afford pleasure, for I never saw the former spectacle but twice, and on one of those occasions, imperfectly. No *dilettanti* were ever more punctual at the opening of the orchestra, than we are at this evening exhibition, which, very much like a fine and expressive harmony, grows upon us at each repetition. All this end of the lake, as we float lazily before the town, with the water like a mirror, the acclivity behind the town gradually darkening upward under the retiring light, the remote Alpine pastures just throwing out their chalets, the rocks of Savoy and the sublime glen of the Rhone, with the glacier of Mont Velan in

its depths, raising its white peak into the broad day long after evening has shadowed everything below, forms the most perfect natural picture I have ever seen.

You can easily fancy how much we enjoy all this. Jean and his boat have been in requisition nearly every evening since our arrival, and the old fellow has dropped so readily into our humours, that his oars rise and fall in a way to produce a melancholy ripple, and little else. The sympathy between us is perfect, and I have almost fancied that his oars daily grow more crooked and picturesque.

We are not alone, however, in the possession of so much natural beauty. No less than seven American families, including ourselves, are either temporarily established on or quite near this lake, or are leisurely moving around its banks. The fame of the beauty of the women has already reached our ears, though, sooth to say, a reputation of that sort is not very difficult of attainment in this part of the world. With one of these families we were intimate in Italy, the tie of country being a little

increased by the fact that some of their connexions were also ours. They hurried from Lausanne to meet us, the moment they were apprized of our arrival, and the old relations have been re-established between us. Since this meeting excursions have been planned, and it is probable that I may have something to communicate, in reference to them.

A day or two since I met a Vévaisan on the public promenade, with whom business had led to a slight acquaintance. We saluted, and pursued our walk together. The conversation soon turned on the news from America, where nullification is, just now, menacing disunion. The Swiss are the only people, in Europe, who appear to me to feel any concern in what has been generally considered to be a crisis in our affairs. I do not wish to be understood as saying that individuals of other nations do not feel the same friendly interest in our prosperity, for perhaps a million such might be enumerated in the different nations of Europe, the extreme liberals everywhere looking to our example as so much authority in favour of their doctrines;

but, after excluding the mass, who have too much to do to live, to trouble themselves with concerns so remote, so far as my knowledge extends, the great majority on this side the Atlantic, without much distinction of country, Switzerland excepted, are waiting with confidence and impatience for the knell of the Union. I might repeat to you many mawkish and unmeaning declarations to the contrary of all this, but I deem them to be mere phrases of society, to which no one, in the least acquainted with the world, can attach any importance; and which, as they have never deceived me, I cannot wish should be made the means of deceiving you. Men generally hesitate to avow in terms, the selfishness and illiberality that regulate all their acts and wishes, and he who is credulous enough to mistake words for deeds, or even thoughts, in this quarter of the world, will soon become the dupe of more than half of those he meets. I believe I never mentioned to you an anecdote of Sir James Mackintosh, which bears directly on this subject. It was at a dinner given by Sir —— ——, that some one inquired

if he (Sir James Mackintosh) had ever discovered the author of a certain libellous attack on himself. "Not absolutely, though I have no doubt that —— was the person. I suspected him at once; but meeting him in Pall Mall, soon after the article appeared, he turned round and walked the whole length of the street with me, covering me with protestations of admiration and esteem, and then I felt quite sure of my man!"

My Vévaisan made many inquiries as to the probable result of the present struggle, and appeared greatly gratified when I told him that I apprehended no serious danger to the republic. I made him laugh by mentioning the opinion of the witty Abbé Correa, who said, "The Americans are great talkers on political subjects; you would think they were about to fly to their arms, and just as you expect a revolution, *they go home and drink tea*." My acquaintance was anxious to know if our government had sufficient strength to put down nullification by force, for he had learned there was but a single sloop of war, and less than a battalion of

troops, in the disaffected part of the country. I told him we possessed all the means that are possessed in other countries to suppress rebellion, although we had not thought it necessary to resort to the same system of organization. Our government was mild in principle, and did not wish to oppress even minorities; but I made no doubt of the attachment of a vast majority to the Union, and, when matters really came to a crisis, if rational compromise could not effect the object, I thought nine men in ten would rally in its defence. I did not believe that even civil war was to produce results in America different from what it produced elsewhere. Men would fight in a republic as they fought in monarchies, until they were tired, and an arrangement would follow. It was not common for a people of the same origin, of similar habits, and contiguous territory, to dismember an empire by civil war, unless violence had been used in bringing them together, or conquest had first opened the way to disunion. I did not know that we were always to escape the evils of humanity any more than others, or why

they were to fall heavier on us, when they proceeded from the same causes, than on our neighbours. As respects the small force in Carolina, I thought it argued our comparative strength, rather than our comparative weakness. Here were loud threats of resistance, organized and even legal means to effect it, and yet the laws were respected, when sustained by only a sloop of war and two companies of artillery. If France were to recall her battalions from La Vendée, Austria her divisions from Italy, Russia her armies from Poland, or England her troops from India or Ireland, we all know that those several countries would be lost, in six months, to their present possessors. As we had our force in reserve, it really appeared to me that either our disaffection was very different from the disaffection of Europe, or that our institutions contained some conservative principle that did not usually exist in this hemisphere. My Vévaisan was curious to know to which of these circumstances I ascribed the present quiet in Carolina. I told him to both. The opposition in that state, as a whole, were

honest in their views; and, though some probably meant disunion, the greater part did not. It was a governing principle of our system to seek redress by appeals to the source of power, and the majority were probably looking still, to that quarter, for relief. Under other systems, rebellion, nine times in ten, having a different object, would not be checked by this expectation.

The Swiss listened to all this attentively, and remarked that America had been much misrepresented in Europe, and that the opinion was then getting to be general in his country, from improper motives. He told me that a great deal had been said about the proceedings in the case of Rowland Stephenson, and he frankly asked me to explain them; for, being a commercial man, he admitted that injurious impressions had been made even on himself in relation to that affair. This was the third Swiss who had alluded to this subject, the other two instances occurring at Rome. In the latter cases, I understood pretty distinctly that there were reports current that the Americans were so desirous of obtaining rich emigrants, that they had

rescued a criminal in order to reap the benefit of his gold!

Of course I explained the matter, by simply stating the facts, adding, that the case was an admirable illustration of the treatment America had received from Europe, ever since 1776. An Englishman, *a member of Parliament, by the way,* had absconded from his own country, taking shelter in ours, by the mere accident of meeting at sea a Swedish brig bound thither. A reward was offered for his arrest, and certain individuals had taken on themselves, instigated by whom I know not, to arrest him on a retired road, in Georgia, and to bring him covertly within the jurisdiction of New York, with the intention to send him clandestinely on board a packet bound to Europe. Now a grosser abuse than an act like this could not well be committed. No form of law was observed, and the whole proceeding was a violation of justice, and of the sovereignty of the two states interested. It is true the man arrested was said to be guilty of gross fraud; but where such practices obtain, guilt will soon cease to be necessary in order to

commit violence. The innocent may be arrested wrongfully, too. As soon as the circumstances became known, an application was made to the proper authorities for relief, which was granted on a principle that obtained in all civilized countries, where right is stronger than might. Had any one been transferred from Canada to England, under similar circumstances, he would have been entitled to the same relief, and there is not a jurist in England who does not know the fact; and yet this transaction, which, if it redound to the discredit of either nation at all, (an exaggerated opinion, I admit,) must redound to the discredit of that which produced the delinquent, and actually preferred him to one of its highest legislative stations, has been so tortured all over Europe, as to leave an impression unfavourable to America!

Now I tell you, dear ——, as I told my Vévaisan, that this case is a very fair example of the manner in which, for seven years, I have now been an attentive observer of the unworthy arts used to bring us into disrepute. The power to injure, in order to serve their own selfish

views, which old-established and great nations possess over one like our own, is not fully appreciated in America, nor do we attach sufficient importance to the consequences. I am not conscious of a disposition to shut my eyes to our own peculiar national defects, more especially since the means of comparison have rendered me more sensible of their nature and existence; but nothing can be more apparent to any man of ordinary capacity, who has enjoyed the opportunities necessary to form a correct judgment, than the fact, that the defects usually imputed to us here, such as the want of morals, honesty, order, decency, liberality, and religion, are, in truth, *as the world goes,* the strong points of American character; while some of those on which we are a little too apt to pride ourselves, —intelligence, taste, manners, and education, for instance, as applied to all beyond the base of society,—are, in truth, those on which it would most become us to be silent. Others may tell you differently, especially those who are under the influence of the "trading humanities," a class that is singularly addicted to philanthropy or

vituperation, as the balance-sheet happens to show variations of profit and loss.

I told my Swiss that one of the reasons why Europe made so many blunders in her predictions about America, was owing to the fact that she sought her information in sources ill qualified, and, perhaps, ill disposed to impart it. Most of the information of this nature that either entered or left America, came, like her goods, through two or three great channels, or sea-ports, and these were thronged with the natives of half the countries of Europe; commercial adventurers, of whom not one in five ever got to feel or think like Americans. These men, in some places, possess even a direct influence over a portion of the press, and by these means, as well as by their extended correspondence, they disseminate erroneous notions of the country abroad. The cities themselves, as a rule, or rather the prominent actors in the towns, do not represent the tone of the nation, as is proved on nearly every distinctive political question that arises, by the towns almost uniformly being found in the minority, simply because they are

purely trading communities, follow the instinct of their varying interests, and are ready to shout in the rear of any leader who may espouse them. Now these foreign merchants, as a class, are always found on the side which is the most estranged from the regular action of the institutions of the country. In America, intelligence is not confined to the towns; but, as a rule, there is less of it there than among the rural population. As a proof of the errors which obtain on the subject of America in Europe, I instanced the opinion which betrayed itself in England, the nation which ought to know us best, during the war of 1812. Feeling a commercial jealousy itself, its government naturally supposed her enemies were among the merchants, and that her friends were to be found in the interior. The fact would have exactly reversed this opinion, an opinion whose existence is betrayed in a hundred ways, and especially in the publications of the day. It was under this notion that our invaders made an appeal to the Kentuckians for support! Now, there was not, probably, a portion of the earth where less sym-

pathy was to be found for England than in Kentucky, or, in short, along the whole western frontier of America, where, right or wrong, the people attribute most of their Indian wars to the instigation of that power. Few foreigners took sufficient interest in the country to probe such a feeling; and England, being left to her crude conjectures, and to theories of her own, had probably been thus led into one of the most absurd of all the blunders of this nature that she could possibly have committed. I believe that a large proportion of the erroneous notions which exist in Europe, concerning American facts, proceed from the prejudices of this class of the inhabitants.*

* This was the opinion of the writer, while in Europe. Since his return, he has seen much reason to confirm it. Last year, in a free conversation with a foreign diplomatic agent on the state of public feeling in regard to certain political measures, the *diplomate* affirmed that, according to his experience, the talent, property, and respectability of the country were all against the government. This is the worn-out cant of England; and yet, when reform has been brought to the touchstone, its greatest opponents have been found among the *parvenus*. On being requested to mention individuals, the diplomatic man in question named three New York merchants, all of whom are foreigners by birth, neither of whom can speak good English, neither of whom could influence

In order to appreciate the influence of such a class of men, it is necessary to recollect their numbers, wealth, and union. It has often been a source of mortification to me to see the columns of the leading journals of the largest town of the republic, teeming with reports of the celebrations of English, Irish, German, French, and Scotch societies; and in which the sentiments promulgated, half of the time, are foreign rather than American. Charitable associations, *as charities*, may be well enough, but the institutions of the country, so generous and liberal in themselves, are outraged by every factitious attempt to overshadow them by these appeals to the prejudices and recollections of another state of society. At least, we might be spared the parade in the journals, and the offensive appearance of monopolizing the land, which these accounts assume. Intelligent travellers

a vote—neither of whom had, probably, ever read the constitution or could understand it if he had read it, and neither of whom was, in principle, any more than an every-day common-place reflection of the antiquated notions of the class to which he belonged in other nations, and in which he had been educated, and under the influence of which he had arrived here.

observe and comment on these things, and one of them quaintly asked me, not long since, "if really there were no Americans in America?" Can it be matter of surprise that when the stranger sees these men so prominent in print and in society, (in many instances quite deservedly,) he should mistake their influence, and attach an importance to their opinions which they do not deserve? That Europe has been receiving false notions of America from some source, during the present century, is proved by the results so completely discrediting her open predictions; and, while I know that many Americans have innocently aided in the deception, I have little doubt that the foreign merchants established in the country have been one of the principal causes of the errors.

It is only necessary to look back within our own time, to note the progress of opinion, and to appreciate the value of those notions that some still cherish, as containing all that is sound and true in human policy. Thirty years ago, the opinion that it was unsafe to teach the inferior classes to read, "*as it only enabled them to read*

bad books," was a common and favourite sentiment of the upper classes in England. To-day, it is a part of the established system of Austria to instruct her people! I confess that I now feel mortified and grieved when I meet with an American gentleman who professes anything but liberal opinions, as respects the rights of his fellow-creatures. Although never illiberal, I trust, I do not pretend that my own notions have not undergone changes, since, by being removed from the pressure of the society in which I was born, my position, perhaps, enables me to look around, less influenced by personal considerations than is usual; but one of the strongest feelings created by an absence of so many years from home, is the conviction that no American can justly lay claim to be, what might be and ought to be the most exalted of human beings, the milder graces of the Christian character excepted, an American gentleman, without this liberality entering thoroughly into the whole composition of his mind. By liberal sentiments, however, I do not mean any of the fraudulent cant that is used, in or-

der to delude the credulous; but the generous, manly determination to let all enjoy equal political rights, and to bring those to whom authority is necessarily confided, as far as practicable, under the control of the community they serve. Opinions like these have little in common with the miserable devices of demagogues, who teach the doctrine that the people are infallible; or that the aggregation of fallible parts, acting, too, with diminished responsibilities, form an infallible whole; which is a doctrine almost as absurd as that which teaches us to believe "the people are their own worst enemies;" a doctrine, which, if true, ought to induce those who profess it, to forbid any man from managing his own affairs, but compel him to confide them to the management of others; since the elementary principle is the same in communities and individuals, and, as regards interests, neither would go wrong unless deceived.

I shall not conceal from you the mortification and regret I have felt at discovering, from this distance, and it is more easily discovered from a

distance than when near by, how far, how very far, the educated classes of America are, in opinion, (in my poor judgment, at least,) behind the fortunes of the country. Notions are certainly still entertained at home, among this class, that are frankly abandoned here, by men of any capacity, let their political sect be what it may; and I have frequently seen assertions and arguments used, in Congress, that, I think, the dullest Tory would now hesitate about using in Parliament. I do not say that certain great prejudices are not yet prevalent in England, that are exploded with us; but my remark applies to some of the old and cherished theories of government, which have been kept alive as theories in England, long after they have ceased to be recognised in practice, and some of which, indeed, like that of the doctrine of a balance between different powers in the state, never had any other than a theoretical existence, at all. The absurd doctrine just mentioned has many devout believers, at this moment, in America, when a moment's examination must show its fallacy. The democracy of a country, in the nature of

things, will possess its physical force. Now give to the physical force of a community an equal political power, and the moment it finds itself gravely interested in supporting or defeating any measure, it will fall back on its strength, set the other estates at defiance, and blow your boasted balance of power to the winds! There never has been an active democratical feature in the government of England; nor have the commons, since they have enjoyed anything like independence, been aught but an auxiliary to the aristocracy, in a modified form. While the king was strong, the two bodies united to put him down, and, as he got to be weak, they gradually became identified, to reap the advantages. What *is* to come remains to be seen.

LETTER XXI.

The Equinox.—Storm on the Lake.—Chase of a little Boat.—Chateau of Blonay.—Drive to Lausanne.—Mont Benon.—Trip to Geneva, in the Winkelried.—Improvements in Geneva.—Russian Travellers.—M. Pozzo di Borgo.—Table d'hôte.—Extravagant Affirmations of a Frenchman.—Conversation with a Scotchman.—American Duels.—Visit at a Swiss Country-house.—English Customs affected in America.—Social Intercourse in the United States.—Difference between a European and an American Foot and Hand.—Violent Gale.—Sheltered position of Vévey.—Promenade.—Picturésque View.—The great Square.—Invitation.—Mountain Excursion.—An American Lieutenant.—Anecdote.—Extensive Prospect.—Chateau of Glayrole.

Dear ——,

We have had a touch of the equinox, and the Leman has been in a foam, but its miniature anger, though terrible enough at times, to those who are embarked on its waters, can never rise to the dignity of a surf and a rolling sea. The rain kept me housed, and old John and I seized the occasion to convert a block of pine into a Leman bark, for P——. The next day prov-

ing fair, our vessel, fitted with two latine sails, and carrying a weather helm, was committed to the waves, and away she went, on a wind, toward the opposite shore. P——, of course, was delighted, and clapped his hands, until, perceiving that it was getting off the land, he compelled us to enter the boat and give chase. A chase it was, truly; for the little thing went skipping from wave to wave, in such a business-like manner, that I once thought it would go all the way to Savoy. Luckily a flaw caused it to tack, when it soon became our prize. We were a long distance off when the boat was overtaken, and I thought the views behind the town finer, at that position, than when nearer in. I was particularly struck with the appearance of the little chateau of Blonay, which is still the residence of a family of the same name, that has been seated, for more than seven centuries, on the same rocky terrace. I was delighted to hear that its present owner is a liberal, as every ancient gentleman should be. Such a man ought to be cautious how he tarnishes his lineage with unjust or ungenerous sentiments.

The equinoctial blow, returned the next day, and the lake became really fine, in a new point of view; for, aided by the mountains, it succeeded in getting up a very respectable appearance of fury. The sail-boats vanished, and even the steamers went through it with a good deal of struggling and reluctance.

As soon as the weather became better, we went to Lausanne, preferring the road, with a view to see the country. It is not easy to fancy anything prettier than this drive, which ran, nearly the whole distance, along the foot of hills, that would be mountains anywhere else, and quite near the water. The day was beautiful, and we had the lake, with its varying scenery and movement, the whole time in sight; while the road, an excellent solid wheel-track, wound between the walls of vineyards, and was so narrow as scarcely to admit the passage of two carriages at a time. At a short distance from Lausanne, we left the margin of the lake, and ascended to the level of the town, through a wooded and beautifully ornamented country.

We found our friends established in one of

the numberless villas that dot the broken land around the place, with their windows commanding most of that glorious view that I have already described to you. Mont Benon, a beautiful promenade, was close at hand, and, in the near view, the eye ranged over fields, verdant and smooth lawns, irregular in their surfaces, and broken by woods and country-houses. A long attenuated reach of the lake stretched away towards Geneva, while the upper end terminated in its noble mountains, and the mysterious, glen-like gorge of Valais. We returned from this excursion in the evening, delighted with the exterior of Lausanne, and more and more convinced that, all things considered, the shores of this lake unite greater beauties, with better advantages as a residence, than any other part of Switzerland.

After remaining at Vévey a day or two longer, I went to Geneva, in the Winkelried, which had got a new commander; one as unaffected as his predecessor had been fantastical. Our progress was slow, and, although we reached the port early enough to prevent being locked out, with the exception of a passage across Lake George,

in which the motion seemed expressly intended for the lovers of the picturesque, I think this the most deliberate run, or rather *walk*, I ever made by steam.

I found Geneva much changed, for the better, in the last four years. Most of the hideous sheds had been pulled down from the fronts of the houses, and a stone pier is building, that puts the mighty port of New York, with her commercial *energies*, to shame. In other respects, I saw no material alterations in the place. The town was crowded, more of the travellers being French, and fewer English, than common. As for the Russians, they appear to have vanished from the earth, to my regret; for, in addition to being among the most polished people one meets, (I speak of those who travel,) your Russian uniformly treats the American kindly. I have met with more personal civilities, conveyed in a delicate manner, from these people, and especially from the diplomatic agents of Russia, than from any others in Europe, and, on the whole, I have cause, personally, to complain of none; or, in other words, I do not think that personal feeling

warps my judgment, in this matter. M. Pozzo di Borgo, when he gave large entertainments, sent a number of tickets to Mr. Brown to be distributed among his countrymen, and I have heard this gentleman say, no other foreign minister paid him this attention. All this may be the result of policy, but it is something to obtain civil treatment in this world, on any terms. You must be here, to understand how completely we are overlooked.

Late as we were, we were in time for dinner, which I took at a *table d'hôte* that was well crowded with French. I passed as an Englishman, as a matter of course, and had reason to be much amused with some of the conversation. One young Frenchman very coolly affirmed that two members had lately fought with pistols in the hall of Congress, during the session, and his intelligence was received with many very proper exclamations of horror. The young man referred to the rencontre which took place on the terrace of the Capitol, in which the party assailed *was* a member of Congress; but I have no doubt he believed all he said, for such is the desire to

blacken the American name just now, that every unfavourable incident is seized upon and exaggerated, without shame or remorse. I had a strong desire to tell this young man that the affair to which he alluded, did not differ essentially from that of M. Calémard de la Fayette,* with the exception that no one was slain at Washington; but I thought it wiser to preserve my *incognito*.

The next day our French party was replaced by another, and the master of the house promoted me to the upper end of his table, as an old boarder. Here I found myself, once more, in company with an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman. The two former sat opposite to me, and the last at my side. The civilities of the table passed between us, especially between the Scotchman and myself, with whom I fell into discourse. After a little while, my neighbour, a sensible shrewd fellow enough, by the way of il-

* This unfortunate gentleman was no relation of the family of La Fayette, his proper appellation being that of M. Calémard *Fayette*, so far as I can discover, is an old French word, or perhaps a provincial word, that signifies a sort of *hedge*, and has been frequently used as a territorial appellation, like *de la Haie*.

lustrating his opinion, and to get the better of me, cited some English practice, in connexion with "you in England." I told him I was no Englishman. "No Englishman! you are not a Scotchman?" "Certainly not." "Still less an Irishman?" "No." My companion now looked at me as hard as a well-bred man might, and said earnestly, "Where did you learn to speak English so well?" "At home, as you did—I am an American." "Umph!" and a silence of a minute; followed by abruptly putting the question of—"What is the reason that your duels in America are so bloody?—I allude particularly to some fought in the Mediterranean by your naval officers. We get along, with less vindictive fighting." As this was rather a sharp and sudden shot, I thought it best to fire back, and I told him, "that as to the Mediterranean, our officers were of opinion they were ill-treated, till they began to shoot those who inflicted the injuries; since which time all had gone on more smoothly. According to their experience, their own mode of fighting was much the most efficacious, in that instance at least."

As he bore this good-naturedly, thinking perhaps his abrupt question merited a saucy answer, we soon became good friends. He made a remark or two, in better taste than the last, on the facts of America, and I assured him he was in error, showing him wherein his error lay. He then asked me why some of our own people did not correct the false impressions of Europe, on the subject of America, for the European could only judge by the information laid before him. He then mentioned two or three American writers, who he thought would do the world a service by giving it a book, or two, on the subject. I told him that if they wrote honestly, and frankly, Europe would not read their books, for prejudice was not easily overcome, and no favourable account of us would be acceptable. It would not be enough for us to confess our real faults, but we should be required to confess the precise faults that, according to the notions of this quarter of the world, we are morally, logically, and politically bound to possess. This he would not admit,

for what man is ever willing to confess that his own opinions are prejudiced ?

I mention this little incident, because its spirit, in my deliberate judgment, forms the *rule*, in the case of the feeling of all British subjects, and I am sorry to say the subjects of most other European countries, and the mawkish sentiment and honeyed words that sometimes appear in toasts, tavern dinners, and public speeches, the *exception*. I may be wrong, as well as another; but this, I repeat for the twentieth time, is the result of my own observations; you know under what opportunities these observations have been made, and how far they are likely to be influenced by personal considerations.

In the evening I accompanied a gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made at Rome, to the country-house of a family that I had also had the pleasure of meeting during their winter's residence in that town. We passed out by the gate of Savoy, and walked a mile or two, among country-houses and pleasant alleys of

trees, to a dwelling not unlike one of our own, on the Island of Manhattan, though furnished with more taste and comfort than it is usual to meet in America. M. and Mad. N—— were engaged to pass the evening at the house of a connexion near by, and they frankly proposed that we should be of the party. Of course we assented, leaving them to be the judges of what was proper.

At this second dwelling, a stone's throw from the other, we found a small party of sensible and well-bred people, who received me as a stranger, with marked politeness, but with great simplicity. I was struck with the repast, which was exactly like what a country tea is, or perhaps I ought to say, used to be, in respectable families, at home, who have not, or had not much of the habits of the world. We all sat round a large table, and, among other good things that were served, was an excellent fruit tart! I could almost fancy myself in New England, where I remember a judge of a supreme court once gave me *custards*, at a similar entertainment. The family we had

gone to see, were perhaps a little too elegant for such a set-out, for I had seen them in Rome with *mi-lordi* and *monsignori*, at their six o'clock dinners; but the quiet good sense with which everybody dropped into their own distinctive habits at home, caused me to make a comparison between them and ourselves, much to the disadvantage of the latter. I do not mean that usages ought not to change, but that usages should be consistent with themselves, and based on their general fitness and convenience for the society for which they are intended. This is good sense, which is commonly not only good-breeding, but high-breeding.

The Genevois are French in their language, in their literature, and consequently in many of their notions. Still they have independence enough to have hours, habits, and rules of intercourse that they find suited to their own particular condition. The fashions of Paris, beyond the point of reason, would scarcely influence them; and the answer would probably be, were a discrepancy between the customs pointed out, "that the usage may suit Paris,

but it does not suit Geneva." How is it with us? Our women read in novels and magazines, that are usually written by those who have no access to the society they write about, and which they oftener caricature than describe, that people of quality in England go late to parties; and they go late to parties, too, to be like English people of quality. Let me make a short comparison, by way of illustration. The English woman of quality, in town, rises at an hour between nine and twelve. She is dressed by her maid, and if there are children, they are brought to her by a child's maid: nourishing them herself is almost out of the question. Her breakfast is eaten between eleven and one. At three or four she may lunch. At four she drives out; at half-past seven she dines. At ten she begins to think of the evening's amusement, and is ready for it, whatever it may be, unless it should happen to be the opera, or the theatre, (the latter being almost proscribed as vulgar,) when she necessarily forces herself to hours a little earlier. She returns home, between one and four, is undressed by her maid,

and sleeps until ten or even one, according to circumstances. These are late hours, certainly, and in some respects unwise; but they have their peculiar advantages, and, at all events, *they are consistent with themselves.*

In New York, the house is open for morning visits at twelve, and with a large straggling town, bad attendance at the door, and a total want of convenience in public vehicles, unless one travels in a stage-coach, yclept an omnibus, it is closed at three, for dinner. *Sending* a card would be little short of social treason. We are too country-bred for such an impertinence. After dinner, there is an interval of three hours, when tea is served, and the mistress of the house is at a loss for employment until ten, when she goes into the world, in order to visit at the hour she has heard, or read, that fashion prescribes such visits ought to be made, in other countries, England in particular. Here she remains until one or two, returns home, undresses herself, passes a sleepless morning, perhaps, on account of a cross child, and rises at seven to make her husband's coffee at eight!

There is no exaggeration in this, for such is the dependence and imitation of a country that has not sufficient tone to think and act for itself, in still graver matters, that the case might even be made stronger, with great truth.—The men are no wiser. When *invited*, they dine at six; and at home, as a rule, they dine between three and four. A man who is much in society, dines out at least half his time, and consequently he is eating one day at four and the next at six, all winter!

The object of this digression is to tell you that, so far as my observation goes, we are the only people who do not think and act for ourselves, in these matters. French millinery may pass current throughout Christendom, for mere modes of dress are habits scarce worth resisting; but in Germany, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, or wherever we have resided, I have uniformly found that, in all essentials, the people have hours and usages of their own, founded on their own governing peculiarities of condition. In America, there is a constant struggle between the force of things and imitation, and the former

often proving the strongest, it frequently renders the latter lame, and, of course, ungraceful. In consequence of this fact, social intercourse with us is attended with greater personal sacrifices, and returns less satisfaction, than in most other countries. There are other causes, beyond a doubt, to assist in producing such a result; more especially in a town like New York, that doubles its population in less than twenty years; but the want of independence, and the weakness of not adapting our usages to our peculiar condition, ought to be ranked among the first. In some cases, necessity compels us to be Americans, but whenever there is a tolerable chance, we endeavour to become "second chop English."

In a fit of gallantry, I entered a jeweller's shop, next day, and bought a dozen or fifteen rings, with a view to distribute them, on my return, among my young countrywomen at Vévey, of whom there were now not less than eight or ten, three families having met at that place. It may serve to make the ladies of your family smile, when I add, that, though I was aware of the difference between a European and an

American foot and hand,* every one of my rings, but three, had to be cut, in order to be worn! It will show you how little one part of mankind know the other, if I add, that I have often met with allusions in this quarter of the world to the females of America, in which the writers have evidently supposed them to be coarse and masculine! The country is deemed vulgar, and by a very obvious association, it has been assumed that the women of such a country must have the same physical peculiarities as the coarse and vulgar here. How false this notion is, let the rings of Geneva testify; for when I presented my offerings, I was almost laughed out of countenance.

A wind called the *bise* had been blowing for the last twenty-four hours, and when we left Vévey the gale was so strong, that the steam-boat had great difficulty in getting ahead. This is a north wind, and it forces the water, at times, into the narrow pass at the head of the lake, in a way to cause a rise of some two or three feet. We had taken a large empty bark

* The southern parts of Europe form an exception

in tow, but by the time we reached Nyon, where the lake widens suddenly, the boat pitched and struggled so hard, as to render it advisable to cast off the tow, after which we did much better. The poor fellow, as he fell off broadside to the sea, which made a fair breach over him, and set a shred of sail, reminded me of a man who had been fancying himself in luck, by tugging at the heels of a prosperous friend, but who is unexpectedly cut adrift, when he is found troublesome. I did not understand his philosophy, for, instead of hauling in for the nearest anchorage, he kept away before it. and ran down for Geneva, as straight as a bee that is humming towards its hive.

The lake gradually grew more tranquil as we proceeded north, and from Lausanne to Vevey, we actually had smooth water. I saw vessels becalmed, or with baffling winds, under this shore, while the *bise* was blowing stiff, a few leagues farther down the lake. When I got home I was surprised to hear that the family had been boating the previous evening, and that there had scarcely been any wind during the

day. This difference was owing to the sheltered position of Vévey, of which the fact may serve to give you a better notion, than a more laboured description.

The following morning was market-day, and I walked upon the promenade early, to witness the arrival of the boats. There was not a breath of wind, even to leeward, for the *bise* had blown itself out of breath. The bay of Naples, in a calm, scarcely presents a more picturesque view, than the head of the lake did, on this occasion. I counted more than fifty boats in sight; all steering towards Vévey, stealing along the water, some crossing from Savoy, in converging lines, some coming down, and others up the sheet, from different points on the Swiss side. The great square was soon crowded, and I walked among the peasants to observe their costumes and listen to their language. Neither, however, was remarkable, all speaking French, and, at need, all I believe using a *patois*, which does not vary essentially from that of Vaud. There was a good deal of fruit, some of which was pretty good, though it

did not appear in the abundance we had been taught to expect. The grapes were coming in, and they promised to be fine. Though it is still early for them, we have them served at breakfast, regularly, for they are said to be particularly healthful when eaten with the morning dew on them. We try to believe ourselves the better for a regimen that is too agreeable to be lightly dropped. Among other things in the market, I observed the inner husks of Indian corn, that had been dried in a kiln or oven, rubbed, and which were now offered for sale as the stuffing of beds. It struck me that this was a great improvement on straw.

I had received a visit the day before from a principal inhabitant of Vévey, with an invitation to breakfast, at his country-house, on the heights. This gratuitous civility was not to be declined, though it was our desire to be quiet, as we considered the residence at Vévey, a sort of *villagiatura*, after Paris. Accordingly, I got into a *char*, and climbed the mountain for a mile and a half, through beautiful pastures and orchards, by narrow winding lanes, that, to-

wards the end, got to be of a very primitive character. Without this little excursion, I should have formed no just idea of the variety in the environs of the place, and should have lost a good deal of their beauty. I have told you that this acclivity rises behind the town, for a distance exceeding a mile, but I am now persuaded it would have been nearer the truth had I said a league. The majesty of Swiss nature constantly deceives the eye, and it requires great care and much experience to prevent falling into these mistakes. The house I sought, stood on a little natural terrace, a speck on the broad breast of the mountain, or what would be called a mountain, were it not for the granite piles in its neighbourhood, and was beautifully surrounded by woods, pastures, and orchards. We were above the vine.

A small party, chiefly females, of good manners and great good sense, were assembled, and our entertainment was very much what it ought to be, simple, good, and without fuss. After I had been formally presented to the rest of the company, a young man approached, and was in-

troduced as a countryman. It was a lieutenant of the navy, who had found his way up from the Mediterranean squadron to this spot. It is so unusual to meet Americans under such circumstances, that his presence was an agreeable surprise. Our people abound in the taverns and public conveyances, but it is quite rare that they are met in European society at all.

One of the guests to-day recounted an anecdote of Cambacérès, which was in keeping with a good banquet. He and the *arch-chancelier* were returning from a breakfast in the country, together, when he made a remark on the unusual silence of his companion. The answer was, "*Je digère.*"

We walked through the grounds, which were prettily disposed, and had several good lookouts. From one of the latter we got a commanding view of all the adjacent district. This acclivity is neither a *côte*, as the French call them, nor a hill-side, nor yet a mountain, but a region. Its breadth is sufficiently great to contain hamlets, as you already know, and, seen

from this point, the town of Vévey came into the view, as a mere particle. The head of the lake lay deep in the distance, and it was only when the eye rose to the pinnacles of rock, hoary with glaciers above, that one could at all conceive he was not already perched on a magnificent Alp. The different guests pointed out their several residences, which were visible at the distance of miles, perhaps, all seated on the same verdant acclivity.

I descended on foot, the road being too precipitous in places to render even a *char* pleasant. On rejoining the domestic circle, we took boat and pulled towards the little chateau-looking dwelling, on a narrow verdant peninsula, which, as you may remember, had first caught my eye on approaching Vévey, as the very spot that a hunter of the picturesque would like for a temporary residence. The distance was about a mile, and, the condition of the house excepted, a nearer view confirmed all our first impressions. It had been a small chateau, and was called Glayrole. It stands near the hamlet of St. Saphorin, which, both François and Jean

maintain, produces the best wines of Vaud, and, though now reduced to the condition of a dilapidated farmhouse, has still some remains of its ancient state. There is a ceiling, in the Ritter Saal, that can almost vie with that of the castle of Habsburg, though it is less smoked. The road, more resembling the wheel-track of a lawn, than a highway, runs quite near the house on one side, while the blue and limpid lake washes the foot of the little promontory.

LETTER XXII.

Embark in the Winkelried.—Discussion with an Englishman.—The Valais.—Free Trade.—The Drance.—Terrible Inundation.—Liddes.—Mountain Scenery.—A Mountain Basin.—Dead-houses.—Melancholy Spectacle.—Approach of Night.—Desolate Region.—Convent of the Great St. Bernard.—Our Reception there.—Unhealthiness of the situation.—The Superior.—Conversation during Supper.—Coal-mine on the Mountain.—Night in the Convent.

DEAR ——,

AFTER spending a few more days in the same delightful and listless enjoyments, my friend C—— came over from Lausanne, and we embarked in the Winkelried, on the afternoon of the 25th September, as she hove-to off our mole, on her way up the lake. We anchored off Villeneuve in less than an hour, there being neither port, nor wharf, nor mole at that place. In a few minutes we were in a three-horse conveyance, called a diligence, and were trotting across the broad meadows of the Rhone towards Bex,

where we found one of our American families, the T——s, on their way to Italy.

C—— and myself ate some excellent quails for supper in the public room. An Englishman was taking the same repast, at another table, near us, and he inquired for news, wishing particularly to know the state of things about Antwerp. This led to a little conversation, when I observed that, had the interests of France been consulted at the revolution of 1830, Belgium would have been received into the kingdom. Our Englishman grunted at this, and asked me what Europe would have said to it. My answer was, that when both parties were agreed, I did not see what Europe had to do with the matter; and that, at all events, the right Europe could have to interfere was founded in might; and such was the state of south-western Germany, Italy, Savoy, Spain, and even England, that I was of opinion Europe would have been glad enough to take things quietly. At all events, a war would only have made the matter worse for the allied monarchs. The other stared at me in amazement, muttered an audible dissent,

and, I make no doubt, set me down as a most disloyal subject; for, while extending her empire, and spreading her commercial system, (her Free Trade *à l'Anglaise!*) over every nook and corner of the earth where she can get footing, nothing sounds more treasonable to the ears of a loyal Englishman than to give the French possession of Antwerp, or the Russians possession of Constantinople. So inveterate become his national feelings on such subjects, that I am persuaded a portion of his antipathy to the Americans arises from a disgust at hearing notions that have been, as it were, bred in and in, through his own moral system, contemned in a language that he deems his own peculiar property. Men, in such circumstances, are rarely very philosophical or very just.

We were off in a *char* with the dawn. Of course you will understand that we entered the Valais by its famous bridge, and passed St. Maurice, and the water-fall *à la Teniers;* for you have already travelled along this road with me. I saw no reason to change my opinion of the Valais, which looked as chill and repulsive

now as it did in 1828, though we were so early on the road as to escape the horrible sight of the basking *crétins*, most of whom were still housed. Nor can I tell you how far these people have been elevated in the scale of men by an increasing desire for riches.

At Martigny we breakfasted, while the inn-keeper sent for a guide. The canton has put these men under a rigid police, the prices being regulated by law, and the certificate of the traveller becoming important to them. This your advocate of the absurdity called Free Trade will look upon as tyranny, it being more for the interest of human intercourse that the traveller who arrives in a strange country should be cheated by a hackney-coachman, or the driver of a cart, or stand higgling an hour in the streets, than to violate an abstraction that can do no one any good! If travelling will not take the minor points of free tradeism out of a man, I hold him to be incorrigible. But such is humanity! There cannot be even a general truth, that our infirmities do not lead us to push it into falsehood, in particular practice. Men

are no more fitted to live under a system that should carry out the extreme doctrines of this theory, than they are fitted to live without law; and the legislator who should attempt the thing in practice, would soon find himself in the condition of Don Quixote, after he had liberated the galley-slaves from their fetters:—in other words, he would be cheated the first moment circumstances compelled him to make a hard bargain with a stranger. Were the canton of Valais to say, you *shall* be a guide, and such *shall* be your pay, the imputation of tyranny might lie; but saying, you *may* be a guide, and such *must* be your pay, it merely legislates for an interest that calls for particular protection in a particular way, to prevent abuses.

Our guide appeared with two mules harnessed to a *char-à banc,* and we proceeded. The fragment of a village which the traveller passes for Martigny, on his way to Italy, is not the true hamlet of that name, but a small collection of houses that has sprung up since the construction of the Simplon road. The real place is a mile distant, and of a much more rural

and Swiss character. Driving through this hamlet, we took our way along the winding bank of a torrent called the Drance, the direction, at first, being south. The road was not bad, but the valley had dwindled to a gorge, and, though broken and wild, was not sufficiently so to be grand. After travelling a few miles, we reached a point where our own route diverged from the course of the Drance, which came in from the east, while we journeyed south. This Drance is the stream that produced the terrible inundation a few years since. The calamity was produced by an accumulation of ice higher in the gorges, which formed a temporary lake. The canton made noble efforts to avert the evil, and men were employed as miners, to cut a passage for the water, through the ice, but their labour proved useless, although they had made a channel, and the danger was greatly lessened. Before half the water had escaped, however, the ice gave way, and let the remainder of the lake down in a flood. The descent was terrific, sweeping before it every thing that came in its way, and although so

distant, and there was so much space, the village of Martigny was deluged, and several of its people lost their lives. The water rose to the height of several feet on the plain of the great valley, before it could disgorge itself into the Rhone.

The ascents now became more severe, though we occasionally made as sharp descents. The road lay through a broken valley, the mountains retiring from each other a little, and the wheel-track was very much like those we saw in our own hilly country, some thirty years since, though less obstructed by mud. At one o'clock we reached Liddes, a crowded, rude, and dirty hamlet, where we made a frugal repast. Here we were compelled to quit the *char*, and to saddle the mules. The guide also engaged another man to accompany us with a horse, that carried provender for himself, and for the two animals we had brought with us. We then mounted, and proceeded.

On quitting Liddes, the road, or rather path, for it had dwindled to that, led through a valley that had some low meadows, after which the as-

cents became more decided, though the course had always been upward. The vegetation gradually grew less and less, the tree diminishing to the bush, and finally disappearing altogether, while the grasses became coarse and wiry, or were entirely superseded by moss. We went through a hamlet or two, composed of stones stained apparently with iron ore, and, as the huts were covered with the same material, instead of lending the landscape a more humanized air, they rather added to its appearance of sterile dreariness. There were a few tolerably good bits of savage mountain scenes, especially in a wooded glen or two by the wayside; but, on the whole, I thought this the least striking of the Swiss mountains I had ascended.

We entered a sort of mountain basin, that was bounded on one side by the glacier of Mont Vélan; that which so beautifully bounds the view up the Valais, as seen from Vévey. I was disappointed in finding an object which, in the distance, was so white and shining, much disfigured and tarnished by fragments of broken

rock. Still the summit shone, in cold and spotless lustre. There was herbage for a few goats here, and some one had commenced the walls of a rude building that was intended for an inn. No one was at work near it, a hut of stone, for the shelter of the goatherds, being all that looked like a finished human habitation.

Winding our way across and out of this valley, we came to a turn in the rocks, and beheld two more stone cabins, low and covered, so as to resemble what in America are called root-houses. They stood a little from the path, on the naked rock. Crossing to them, we dismounted and looked into the first. It was empty, had a little straw, and was intended for a refuge, in the event of storms. Thrusting my head into the other, after the eye had got a little accustomed to the light, I saw a grinning corpse seated against the remotest side. The body looked like a mummy, but the clothes were still on it, and various shreds of garments lay about the place. The remains of other bodies, that had gradually shrunk into shapeless masses, were also dimly visible. Human bones,

too, were scattered around. It is scarcely necessary to add that this was one of the dead-houses, or places in which the bodies of those who perish on the mountain are deposited, to waste away, or to be claimed, as others may or may not feel an interest in their remains. Interment could only be effected by penetrating the rock, for there was no longer any soil, and such is the purity of the atmosphere that putrescence never occurs.

I asked the guide if he knew anything of the man, whose body still retained some of the semblance of humanity. He told me he remembered him well, having been at the convent in his company. It was a poor mason, who had crossed the *col*, from Piémont, in quest of work; failing of which, he had left Liddes, near nightfall, in order to enjoy the unremitting hospitality of the monks on his return, about a fortnight later. His body was found on the bare rock, quite near the refuge, on the following day. The poor fellow had probably perished in the dark, within a few yards of shelter, without knowing it. Hunger and cold, aided, perhaps,

by that refuge of the miserable, brandy, had destroyed him. He had been dead now two years, and yet his remains preserved a hideous resemblance to the living man.

Turning away from this melancholy spectacle, I looked about me with renewed interest. The sun had set, and evening was casting its shadows over the valley below, which might still be seen through the gorges of our path. The air above, and the brown peaks that rose around us like gloomy giants, were still visible in a mellow saddened light, and I thought I had never witnessed a more poetical, or a more vivid picture of the approach of night. Following the direction of the upward path, a track that was visible only by the broken fragments of rock, and which now ascended suddenly, an opening was seen between two dark granite piles, through which the sky beyond still shone, lustrous and pearly. This opening appeared to be but a span. It was the *col*, or the summit of the path, and gazing at it, in that pure atmosphere, I supposed it might be half a mile beyond and above us. The guide shook his

head at this conjecture, and told me it was still a weary league!

At this intelligence we hurried to bestride our mules, which by this time were fagged, and as melancholy as the mountains. When we left the refuge there were no traces of the sun on any of the peaks or glaciers. A more sombre ascent cannot be imagined. Vegetation had absolutely disappeared, and in its place lay scattered the fragments of the ferruginous-looking rocks. The hue of every object was gloomy as desolation could make it, and the increasing obscurity served to deepen the intense interest we felt. Although constantly and industriously ascending towards the light, it receded faster than we could climb. After half an hour of toil, it finally deserted us to the night. At this moment the guide pointed to a mass that I had thought a fragment of the living rock, and said it was the roof of a building. It still appeared so near, that I fancied we had arrived; but minute after minute went by, and this too was gradually swallowed in the gloom. At the end of another quarter of an hour, we came to a

place where the path, always steep since quitting the refuge, actually began to ascend by a flight of broad steps formed in the living rock, like that already mentioned on the Righi, though less precipitous. My weary mule seemed, at times, to be tottering beneath my weight, or hanging in suspense, undecided, whether or not to yield to the downward pressure. It was quite dark, and I thought it wisest to trust to his instinct and his recollections. This unpleasant struggle between animal force and the attraction of gravitation, in which the part I played was merely to contribute to the latter, lasted nearly a quarter of an hour longer, when the mules appeared to be suddenly relieved. They moved more briskly for a minute, and then stopped before a pile of rock, that a second look in the dark enabled us to see was made of stone, thrown into the form of a large, rude edifice. This was the celebrated convent of the Great St. Bernard!

I bethought me of the Romans, of the marauders of the middle ages, of the charity of a thousand years, and of Napoleon, as throwing a

leg over the crupper my foot first touched the rock. Our approach had been heard, for noises ascend far through such a medium, and we were met at the door by a monk in a black gown, a queer Asiatic-looking cap, and a movement that was as laical as that of a *garçon de café*. He hastily inquired if there were any ladies, and I thought he appeared disappointed when we told him no. He showed us very civilly, however, into a room that was warmed by a stove, and which already contained two travellers, who had the air of decent tradesmen that were crossing the mountain on business. A table was set for supper, and a lamp or two threw a dim light around.

The little community soon assembled, the prior excepted, and the supper was served. I had brought a letter for the *clavier*, a sort of caterer, who is accustomed to wander through the valleys in quest of contributions; and this appeared to be a good time for presenting it, as our reception had an awkward coldness that was unpleasant. The letter was read, but it made no apparent difference in the warmth of

our treatment, then or afterwards. I presume the writer had unwittingly thrown the chill, which the American name almost invariably carries with it, over our reception.

By this time seven of the Augustines were in the room; four of whom were canons, and three novices. The entire community is composed of about thirty who are professed, with a suitable number who are in their noviciate; but only eight in all are habitually kept on the mountain, the rest residing in a convent in the *bourg*, as the real village of Martigny is called. It is said that the keen air of the *col* affects the lungs after a time, and that few can resist its influence for a long-continued period. You will remember that this building is the most elevated permanent abode in Europe, if not in the Old World, standing at a height of about 8,000 English feet above the sea.

As soon as the supper was served, the superior, or prior, entered. He had a better air than most of his brethren, and was distinguished by a gold chain and cross. The others saluted him by removing their caps; and, proceed-

ing to the head of the table, he immediately commenced the usual offices in Latin, the responses being audibly made by the monks and novices. We were then invited to take our places at table, the seats of honour being civilly left for the strangers. The meal was frugal, without tea or coffee, and the wine none of the best. But one ought to be too grateful for getting anything in such a place, to be fastidious.

During supper there was a free general conversation, and we were asked for news, the movements in La Vendée being evidently a subject of great interest with them. Our French fellow-traveller on the lake of Brientz had been warm in his eulogiums on this community, and, coupling his conversation with the present question, the suspicion that they were connected by a tie of common feeling flashed upon me. A few remarks soon confirmed this conjecture, and I found, as indeed was natural for men in their situation, that these religious republicans*

* Your common-place logicians argue from these sentiments that distinctions are natural, and ought to be maintained. These philosophers forget that human laws are intended to restrain the natural propensities, and that this argument would be just as

took a strong interest in the success of the Carlists. Men may call themselves what they will, live where they may, and assume what disguises artifice or necessity may impose, political instincts, like love, or any other strong passion, are sure to betray themselves to an experienced observer. How many of our own republicans, of the purest water, have I seen sighing for ribands and stars—ay, and men too who appear before the nation as devoted to the institutions and the rights of the mass. The Romish church is certain to be found in secret on the side of despotic power, let its pretensions to liberty be what it may, its own form of government possessing sympathies with that of political power too strong to be effectually concealed. I will not take on myself to say, that the circumstance of our being Americans caused the fraternity to manifest for us less warmth than common, but I will say that our Carlist of the lake of Brientz eloquently described the warm welcome and earnest hospitality of *les bons pères*,

applicable to the right of a strong man to knock down a weak one, and to take the bread from his mouth, as it is to the institution of exclusive political privileges.

as he called them, in a way that was entirely inapplicable to their manner towards us. In short, the only way we could excite any warmth in them, was by blowing the anthracite coal, of which we had heard they had discovered a mine on the mountain. This was a subject of great interest, for you should know that, water excepted, every necessary of life is to be transported, for leagues, to this place, up the path we came, on the backs of mules; and that about 8,000 persons cross the mountain annually, all, or nearly all, of whom lodge, of necessity, at the convent. The elevation renders fires constantly necessary for comfort, to say nothing of the cooking; and a mine of gold could scarcely be as valuable to such a community, as one of coal. Luckily, C——, like a true Pennsylvanian, knew something about anthracite, and by making a few suggestions, and promising further intelligence, he finally succeeded in throwing one or two of the community into a blaze.

A little before nine, we were shown into a plain but comfortable room, with two beds

loaded with blankets, and were left to our slumbers. Before we fell asleep, C—— and myself agreed, that, taking the convent altogether, it was a *rum* place, and that it required more imagination than either of us possessed, to throw about it the poetry of monastic seclusion, and the beautiful and simple hospitality of the patriarchs.

LETTER XXIII.

Sublime Desolation.—A Morning Walk.—The Col.—A Lake.—Site of a Roman Temple.—Enter Italy.—Dreary Monotony.—Return to the Convent.—Tasteless Character of the Building—Its Origin and Purposes.—The Dead-house.—Dogs of St. Bernard.—The Chapel—Desaix interred here.—Fare of St. Bernard, and Deportment of the Monks.—Leave the Convent.—Our Guide's Notion of the Americans.—Passage of Napoleon across the Great St. Bernard. — Similar Passages in former times.—Transport of Artillery up the Precipices.—Napoleon's perilous Accident.—Return to Vévey.

DEAR ——,

THE next morning we arose betimes, and on thrusting my head out of a window, I thought, by the keen air, that we had been suddenly transferred to Siberia. There is no month without frost at this great elevation, and as we had now reached the 27th September, the season was essentially beginning to change. Hurrying our clothes on, and our beards off, we went into the air to look about us.

Monks, convent, and historical recollections were, at first, all forgotten, at the sight of the sublime desolation that reigned around. The *col* is a narrow ravine, between lofty peaks, which happens to extend entirely across this point of the Upper Alps, thus forming a passage several thousand feet lower than would otherwise be obtained. The convent stands within a few yards of the northern verge of the precipice, and precisely at the spot where the lowest cavity is formed, the rocks beginning to rise, in its front and in its rear, at very short distances from the buildings. A little south of it, the mountains recede sufficiently to admit the bed of a small, dark, wintry-looking sheet of water, which is oval in form, and may cover fifty or sixty acres. This lake nearly fills the whole of the level part of the *col*, being bounded north by the site of the convent, east by the mountain, west by the path, for which there is barely room between the water and the rising rocks, and south by the same path, which is sheltered on its other side by a sort of low wall of fragments, piled some twenty or thirty

feet high. Beyond these fragments, or isolated rocks, was evidently a valley of large dimensions.

We walked in the direction of this valley, descending gradually from the door of the convent, some thirty feet to the level of the lake. This we skirted by the regular path, rock smoothed by the hoof of horse and foot of man, until we came near the last curve of the oval formation. Here was the site of a temple erected by the Romans in honour of Jupiter of the Snows, this passage of the Alps having been frequented from the most remote antiquity. We looked at the spot with blind reverence, for the remains might pass for those of a salad-bed of the monks, of which there was one enshrined among the rocks hard by, and which was about as large, and, I fancy, about as productive, as those that are sometimes seen on the quarter-galleries of ships. At this point we entered Italy!

Passing from the frontier, we still followed the margin of the lake, until we reached a spot where its waters trickled, by a low passage,

southward. The path took the same direction, pierced the barrier of low rocks, and came out on the verge of the southern declivity, which was still more precipitous than that on the other side. For a short distance the path ran *en corniche* along the margin of the descent, until it reached the remotest point of what might be called the *col*, whose southern edge is irregular, and then it plunged, by the most practicable descent which could be found, towards its Italian destination. When at this precise point, our distance from the convent may have been half a mile, which, of course, is the breadth of the *col*. We could see more than half a league down the brown gulf below, but no sign of vegetation was visible. Above, around, beneath, wherever the eye rested—the void of the heavens, the distant peaks of snow, the lake, the convent and its accessories excepted—was dark, frowning rock, of the colour of iron rust. As all the buildings, even to the roofs, were composed of this material, they produced little to relieve the dreary monotony.

The view from the *col* is in admirable keep-

ing with its desolation. One is cut off completely from the lower world, and, beyond its own immediate scene, nothing is visible but the impending arch of heaven, and heaving mountain tops. The water did little to change this character of general and savage desolation, for it has the chill and wintry air of all the little mountain reservoirs that are so common in the Alps. If anything, it rather added to the intensity of the feeling to which the other parts of the scenery gave rise.

Returning from our walk, the convent and its long existence, the nature of the institution, its present situation, and all that poetical feeling could do for both, were permitted to resume their influence; but, alas! the monks were common-place, their movements and utterance wanted the calm dignity of age and chastened habits, the building had too much of the machinery, smell, and smoke of the kitchen; and, altogether, we thought that the celebrated convent of St. Bernard was more picturesque on paper than in fact. Even the buildings were utterly tasteless, resembling a *barnish*-looking manufac-

tory, and would be quite abominable, but for the delightfully dreary appearance of their material.

It is a misfortune that vice so often has the best of it in outward appearance. Although a little disposed to question the particular instance of taste, in substance, I am of the opinion of that religionist who was for setting his hymns to popular airs, in order "that the devil might not monopolize all the good music," and, under this impression, I think it a thousand pities that a little better keeping between appearances and substance did not exist on the Great St. Bernard.

The convent is said to have been established by a certain Bernard de Menthon, an Augustine of Aoste, in 962, who was afterwards canonized for his holiness. In that remote age the institution must have been eminently useful, for posting and Macadamized roads across the Alps were not thought of. It even does much good now, as nine-tenths who stop here are peasants that pay nothing for their entertainment. At particular seasons, and on certain occasions,

they cross in great numbers, my guide assuring me he had slept at the convent when there were eight hundred guests; a story, by the way, that one of the monks confirmed. Some fair or festival, however, led to this extraordinary migration. Formerly the convent was rich, and able to bear the charges of entertaining so many guests; but since the Revolution it has lost most of its property, and has but a small fixed income. It is authorized, however, to make periodical *quêtes* in the surrounding country, and obtains a good deal in that way. All who can pay, moreover, leave behind them donations of greater or less amount, and by that means the charity is still maintained.

As many perish annually on the mountain, and none are interred, another dead-house stands quite near the convent for the reception of the bodies. It is open to the air, and contained forty or fifty corpses in every stage of decay apart from putrescency, and was a most revolting spectacle. When the flesh disappears entirely, the bones are cast into a small enclosure near by, in which skulls, thigh-bones,

and ribs were lying in a sort of waltz-like confusion.

Soon after our return from the walk into Italy, a novice opened a little door in the outer wall of the convent, and the famous dogs of St. Bernard rushed forth like so many rampant tigers, and most famous fellows they certainly were. Their play was like that of elephants, and one of them rushing past me, so near as to brush my clothes, gave me to understand that a blow from him might be serious. There were five of them in all, long-legged, powerful mastiffs, with short hair, long bushy tails, and of a yellowish hue. I have seen very similar animals in America. They are trained to keep the paths, can carry cordials and nourishment around their necks, and frequently find bodies in the snow by the scent. But their instinct and services have been greatly exaggerated, the latter principally consisting in showing the traveller the way, by following the paths themselves. Were one belated in winter on this pass, I can readily conceive that a dog of this force that knew him, and was attached to him,

would be invaluable. Some pretend that the ancient stock is lost, and that their successors show the want of blood of all usurpers.

We were now shown into a room where there was a small collection of minerals, and of Roman remains found about the ruins of the temple. At seven we received a cup of coffee and some bread and butter, after which the prior entered, and invited us to look at the chapel, which is of moderate dimensions, and of plain ornaments. There is a box attached to a column, with *tronc pour les pauvres*, and as all the poor in this mountain are those who enjoy the hospitality of the convent, the hint was understood. We dropped a few francs into the hole, while the prior was looking earnestly the other way; and it then struck us we were at liberty to depart. The body of Desaix lies in this chapel, and there is a small tablet in it, erected to his memory.

It would be churlish and unreasonable to complain of the fare, in a spot where food is to be had with so much difficulty; and, on that head, I shall merely say, in order that you may

understand the fact, that we found the table of St. Bernard very indifferent. As to the deportment of the monks, certainly, so far as we were concerned, it had none of that warmth and hospitality that travellers have celebrated; but, on the contrary, it struck us both as cold and constrained, strongly reminding me, in particular, of the frigidity of the ordinary American manner.* This might be discipline; it might be the consequence of habitual and incessant demands on their attentions and services; it might be accidental; or it might be prejudice against the country from which we came, that was all the stronger for the present excited state of Europe.

* The peculiar coldness of our manners, which are too apt to pass suddenly from the repulsive to the familiar, has often been commented on, but can only be appreciated by those who have been accustomed to a different. Two or three days after the return of the writer from his journey in Europe, (which had lasted nearly eight years,) a public dinner was given, in New-York, to a distinguished naval officer, and he was invited to attend it, *as a guest*. Here he met a crowd, one half of whom he knew personally. Without a single exception, those of his acquaintances who did speak to him, (two-thirds did not,) addressed him as if they had seen him the week before, and so cold and constrained did every man's manner seem, that he had great difficulty in persuading himself there was not something wrong. He could not believe, however, that he was especially invited to be neglected, and he tried to revive his old impressions; but the chill was so thorough, that he found it impossible to sit out the dinner.

Our mules were ready, and we left the *col* immediately after breakfast. A ridge in the rock, just before the convent, is the dividing line for the flow of the waters. Here a little snow still lay; and there were patches of snow, also, on the northern face of the declivity, the remains of the past winter.

We chose to walk the first league, which brought us to the refuge. The previous day, the guide had given us a great deal of gossip; and, among other things, he mentioned having been up to the convent lately, with a family of Americans, whom he described as a people of peculiar appearance, and *peculiar odour*. By questioning him a little, we discovered that he had been up with a party of coloured people from St. Domingo. His head was a perfect Babel as it respected America, which was not a hemisphere, but one country, one government, and one people. To this we were accustomed, however; and, finding that we passed for English, we trotted the honest fellow a good deal on the subject of his nasal sufferings from travelling in such company. On the descent we

knew that we should encounter the party left at Bex, and our companion was properly prepared for the interview. Soon after quitting the refuge, the meeting took place, to the astonishment of the guide, who gravely affirmed, after we had parted, that there must be two sorts of Americans, as these we had just left did not at all resemble those he had conducted to the convent. May this little incident prove an entering wedge to some new ideas in the Valais, on the subject of the "twelve millions!"

The population of this canton, more particularly the women, were much more good-looking on the mountain than in the valley. We saw no *crétins* after leaving Martigny; and soft lineaments, and clear complexions, were quite common in the other sex.

You will probably wish to know something of the celebrated passage of Napoleon, and of its difficulties. As far as the ascent was concerned, the latter has been greatly exaggerated. Armies have frequently passed the Great St. Bernard. Aulus Cœcinna led his barbarians across in 69; the Lombards crossed in 547;

several armies in the time of Charlemagne, or about the year 1000; and in the wars of Charles le Téméraire, as well as at other periods, armies made use of this pass. Near the year 900, a strong body of Turkish corsairs crossed from Italy, and seized the pass of St. Maurice. Thus history is full of events to suggest the idea of crossing.

Nor is this all. From the time the French entered Switzerland in 1796, troops occupied, manœuvred, and even *fought* on this mountain. The Austrians having succeeded in turning the summit, contended an entire day with their enemies, who remained masters of the field, or rather rock. Ebel estimates the number of the hostile troops who were on this pass, between the years 1798 and 1801, at 150,000, including the army of Napoleon, which was 30,000 strong.

These facts of themselves, and I presume they cannot be contested, give a totally different colouring, from that which is commonly entertained, to the conception of the enterprise of the First Consul, so far as the difficulties of the ascent were concerned. If the little community can

transport stores for 8,000 souls to the convent, there could be no great difficulty in one, who had all France at his disposal, in throwing an army across the pass. When we quitted Martigny, I began to study the difficulties of the route, and though the road as far as Liddes has probably been improved a little within thirty years, taking its worst parts, I have often travelled, in my boyhood, during the early settlement of our country, in a heavy, high, old-fashioned coach over roads that were quite as bad, and, in some places, over roads that were actually more dangerous, than any part of this, *as far as Liddes*. Even a good deal of the road after quitting Liddes is not worse than that we formerly travelled, but wheels are nearly useless for the last league or two. As we rode along this path, C—— asked me in what manner I would transport artillery up such an ascent. Without the least reflection I answered, by making sledges of the larches, which is an expedient that I think would suggest instantly itself to nineteen men in twenty. I have since understood the Duc de ——, who was an aide of

Napoleon, on the occasion of the passage, that it was precisely the expedient adopted. Several thousand Swiss peasants were employed in drawing the logs, thus loaded, up the precipices. I do not think it absolutely impracticable to take up guns limbered, but the other plan would be much the easiest, as well as the safest. In short, I make no doubt, so far as mere toil and physical difficulties are concerned, that a hundred marches have been made through the swamps and forests of America, in every one of which, mile for mile, greater natural obstacles have been overcome than those on this celebrated passage. The French, it will be remembered, were unresisted, and had possession of the *col*, a garrison having occupied the convent for more than a year.

The great merit of the First Consul, was in the surprise, the military manner in which the march was effected, and the brilliant succes
his subsequent movements. Had he beer
ed, I fancy few would have thought
the simple passage of the mountai

reproach him for placing the rocks between himself and a retreat. As he *was not* defeated, the *audace* of the experiment, a great military quality sometimes, enters, also, quite properly, into the estimate of his glory.

The guide pointed to a place where, according to his account of the matter, the horse of the First Consul stumbled and pitched him over a precipice, the attendants catching him by his great-coat, assisted by a few bushes. This may be true, for the man affirmed he had heard it from the guide who was near Napoleon at the time, and a mis-step of a horse might very well produce such a fall. The precipice was both steep and high, and had the First Consul gone down it, it is not probable he would ever have gone up the St. Bernard.

At Liddes we re-entered the *char* and trotted down to Martigny in good time. Here we got conveyance, and pushed down the val- Maurice, across the bridge, and of the canton, again, reaching

The next morning we were off early for Villeneuve, in order to reach the boat. This was handsomely effected, and heaving-to abreast of Vévey, we succeeded in eating our breakfast at "Mon Repos."

LETTER XXIV.

Democracy in America and in Switzerland.—European Prejudices.—Influence of Property.—Nationality of the Swiss.—Want of Local Attachments in Americans.—Swiss Republicanism.—Political Crusade against America.—Affinities between America and Russia.—Feeling of the European Powers towards Switzerland.

DEAR ——,

IT is a besetting error with those who write of America, whether as travellers, political economists, or commentators on the moral features of ordinary society, to refer nearly all that is peculiar in the country to the nature of its institutions. It is scarcely exaggerated to say that even its physical phenomena are ascribed to its democracy. Reflecting on this subject, I have been struck by the fact that no such flights of the imagination are ever indulged in by those who speak of Switzerland. That which is termed the rudeness of liberty and

equality, with us, becomes softened down here into the frankness of mountaineers, or the sturdy independence of republicans; what is vulgarity on the other side of the Atlantic, is unsophistication on this, and truculence in the States dwindles to be earnest remonstrances in the cantons!

There undeniably exist marked points of difference between the Swiss and the Americans. The dominion of a really popular sway is admitted nowhere here, except in a few unimportant mountain cantons, that are but little known, and which, if known, would not exercise a very serious influence on any but their own immediate inhabitants. With us, the case is different. New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio, for instance, with a united population of near five millions of souls, are as pure democracies as can exist under a representative form of government, and their trade, productions, and example, so far connect them with the rest of Christendom, as to render them objects of deep interest to all who look beyond the present moment, in studying the history of man.

We have States, however, in which the franchise does not materially differ from those of many of the cantons, and yet we do not find that strangers make any material exceptions even in *their* favour. Few think of viewing the States in which there are property qualifications, in a light different from those just named; nor is a disturbance in Virginia deemed to be less the consequence of democratic effervescence, than it is in Pennsylvania.

There must be reasons for all this. I make no doubt they are to be found in the greater weight of the example of a large and growing community, of active commercial and political habits, than in one like this, which is satisfied with simply maintaining a quiet and secure existence; in our total rejection of the usual aristocratical distinctions, distinctions which still exist, more or less, all over Switzerland; in the jealousy of commercial and maritime power, and in the recollections which are inseparable from the fact that the parties once stood to each other, in the relation of principals and dependants. This latter feeling, an unavoidable consequence

of metropolitan sway, is more general than you may imagine, for, as nearly all Europe once had colonies, the feelings of superiority they uniformly excite, have as naturally led to jealousy of the rising importance of our hemisphere. You may smile at the suggestion, but I do not remember a single European in whom, under proper opportunities, I have not been able to trace some lingering feeling of the old notion of the moral and physical superiority of the man of Europe over the man of America. I do not say that all I have met have betrayed this prejudice, for in not one case in ten have I had the means to probe them; but such, I think, has uniformly been the case, though in very different degrees, whenever the opportunity has existed.

Though the mountain, or the purely rural population, here, possess more independence and frankness of manner, than those who inhabit the towns and advanced valleys, neither has them in so great a degree, as to leave plausible grounds for believing that the institutions are very essentially connected with the traits. In-

stitutions may *depress men below* what may be termed the natural level of feeling, in this respect, as in the case of slavery; but, in a civilized society, where property has its influence, I much question if any political regulations can raise them above it. After allowing for the independence of manner and feeling that are coincident to easy circumstances, and which is the result of obvious causes, I know no part of America in which this is not also the fact. The employed is, and will be everywhere, to a certain point, dependent on his employer, and the relations between the two cannot fail to bring forth a degree of authority and submission, that will vary according to the character of individuals and the circumstances of the moment.

I infer from this that the general aspects of society, after men cease to be serfs and slaves, can never be expected to vary essentially from each other, merely on account of the political institutions, except, perhaps, as those institutions themselves may happen to affect their temporal condition. In other words, I believe that we are to look more to property and to the

absence or presence of facilities of living, for effects of this nature, than to the breadth or narrowness of constituencies.

The Swiss, as is natural from their greater antiquity, richer recollections, and perhaps from their geographical position, are more national than the Americans. With us, national pride and national character exist chiefly in the classes that lie between the yeomen and the very bottom of the social scale; whereas, here, I think the higher one ascends, the stronger the feeling becomes. The Swiss moreover is pressed upon by his wants, and is often obliged to tear himself from his native soil, in order to find the means of subsistence; and yet very few of them absolutely expatriate themselves.

The emigrants that are called Swiss in America, either come from Germany, or are French Germans, from Alsace and Lorrain. I have never met with a migration of a body of true Swiss, though some few cases probably have existed. It would be curious to inquire how far the noble nature of the country has an influence in producing their strong national attachments. The

Neapolitans love their climate, and would rather be Lazzaroni beneath their sun, than gentlemen in Holland, or England. This is simple enough, as it depends on physical indulgence. The charm that binds the Swiss to his native mountains, must be of a higher character, and is moral in its essence.

The American character suffers from the converse of the very feeling which has an effect so beneficial on that of the Swiss. The migratory habits of the country prevent the formation of the intensity of interest, to which the long residence of a family in a particular spot gives birth, and which comes, at last, to love a tree, or a hill, or a rock, because they are the same tree, and hill, and rock, that have been loved by our fathers before us. These are attachments that depend on sentiment rather than on interest, and which are as much purer and holier, as virtuous sentiment is purer and holier than worldly interestedness. In this moral feature therefore, we are inferior to all old nations, and to the Swiss in particular, I think, as their local attachments are both quickened and

heightened by the exciting and grand objects that surround them. The Italians have the same local affections, in a still stronger degree; for with a nature equally, or even more winning, they have still prouder and more remote recollections.

I do not believe the Swiss, at heart, are a bit more attached to their institutions than we are ourselves; for, while I complain of the *tone* of so many of our people, I consider it, after all, as the tone of people who, the means of comparison having been denied them, neither know that which they denounce, nor that which they extol. Apart from the weakness of wishing for personal distinctions, however, I never met with a Swiss gentleman, who appeared to undervalue his institutions. They frequently, perhaps generally, lament the want of greater power in the confederation; but, as between a monarchy and a republic, so far as my observation goes, they are uniformly Swiss. I do not believe there is such a thing, in all the cantons, as a man, for instance, who pines for the Prussian despotism! They will take service under kings,

be their soldiers, body-guards—real Dugald Dalgettys—but when the question comes to Switzerland, one and all appear to think that the descendants of the companions of Winkelried and Stauffer must be republicans. Now, all this may be because there are few in the condition of gentlemen, in the democratic cantons, and the gentlemen of the other parts of the confederation prefer that things should be as they are (or rather, so lately were, for the recent changes have hardly had time to make an impression,) to putting a prince in the place of the aristocrats. Self is so prominent in everything of this nature, that I feel no great faith in the generosity of men. Still I do believe that time and history, and national pride, and Swiss *morgue*, have brought about a state of feeling that would indispose them to bow down to a Swiss sovereign.

A policy is observed by the other states of Europe towards this confederation, very different from that which is, or perhaps it would be better to say, has been observed toward us. As respects ourselves, I have already observed it

was my opinion, there would have been a political crusade got up against us, had not the recent changes taken place in Europe, and had the secret efforts to divide the Union failed. Their chief dependence, certainly, is on our national dissensions; but as this would probably fail them, I think we should have seen some pretence for an invasion. The motive would be the strong necessity which existed for destroying the example of a republic, or rather of a democracy, that was getting to be too powerful. Strange as you may think it, I believe our chief protection in such a struggle would have been Russia.

We hear and read a great deal about the "Russian bear," but it will be our own fault if this bear does us any harm. Let the Edinburgh Review, the advocate of mystified liberalism, prattle as much as it choose, on this topic, it becomes us to look at the subject like Americans. There are more practical and available affinities between America and Russia, at this very moment, than there is between America and any other nation in Europe.

They have high common political objects to obtain, and Russia has so little to apprehend from the example of America, that no jealousy of the latter need interrupt their harmony. You see the counterpart of this in the present condition of France and Russia. So far as their general policy is concerned, they need not conflict, but rather ought to unite, and yet the mutual jealousy on the subject of the institutions keeps them alienated, and almost enemies. Napoleon, it is true, said that these two nations, sooner or later, must fight for the possession of the east; but it was the ambition of the man, rather than the interests of his country, that dictated the sentiment. The France of Napoleon, and the France of Louis-Philippe, are two very different things.

Now, as I have told you, Switzerland is regarded by the powers who would crush America, with other eyes. I do not believe that a congress of Europe would convert this republic into a monarchy, if it could, to-morrow. Nothing essential would be gained by such a measure, while a great deal might be hazarded.

A king must have family alliances, and these alliances would impair the neutrality it is so desirable to maintain. The cantons are equally good, as outworks, for France, Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Lombardy, Sardinia, and the Tyrol. All cannot have them, and all are satisfied to keep them as a defence against their neighbours. No one hears, in the war of opinion, that is going on here, the example of the Swiss quoted on the side of liberty! For this purpose, they appear to be as totally out of view, as if they had no existence.

LETTER XXV.

The Swiss Mountain Passes.—Excursion in the neighbourhood of Vevey.—Castle of Blonay.—View from the Terrace.—Memory and Hope.—Great Antiquity of Blonay.—The Knight's Hall.—Prospect from the Balcony.—Departure from Blonay.—A Modern Château.—Travelling on Horseback.—News from America.—Dissolution of the Union predicted.—The Prussian Polity.—Despotism in Prussia.

DEAR ——,

You may have gathered from my last letters that I do not rank the path of the Great St. Bernard among the finest of the Swiss mountain passes. You will remember, however, that we saw but little of the Italian side, where the noblest features and grandest scenes on these roads are usually found. The Simplon would not be so very extraordinary, were it confined to its Swiss horrors and Swiss magnificence, though, by the little I have seen of them, I suspect that both the St. Gothard and the Splu-

gen do a little better on their northern faces. The pass by Nice is peculiar, being less wild and rocky than any other, while it possesses beauties entirely its own, (and extraordinary beauties they are,) in the constant presence of the Mediterranean, with its vast blue expanse, dotted with sails of every kind that the imagination can invent. It has always appeared to me that poets have been the riggers of that sea.

C—— and myself were too *mountaineerish* after this exploit to remain contented in a valley, however lovely it might be, and the next day we sallied forth on foot, to explore the hill-side behind Vévey. The road led at first through narrow lanes, lined by vineyards; but emerging from these, we soon came out into a new world, and one that I can compare to no other I have ever met with. I should never tire of expatiating on the beauties of this district, which really appear to be created expressly to render the foreground of one of the sublimest pictures on earth worthy of the rest of the piece.

It was always mountain, but a mountain so

gradual of ascent, so vast, and yet so much like a broad reach of variegated low land, in its ornaments, cultivation, houses, villages, copses, meadows, and vines, that it seemed to be a huge plain canted into a particular inclination, in order to give the spectator a better opportunity to examine it in detail, and at his leisure, as one would hold a picture to the proper light. Some of the ascents, nevertheless, were sufficiently sharp, and more than once we were glad enough to stop to cool ourselves, and to take breath. At length, after crossing some lovely meadows, by the margin of beautiful woods, we came out at the spot which was the goal we had aimed at from the commencement of the excursion. This was the castle of Blonay, of whose picturesque site and pleasant appearance I have already spoken in my letters as a venerable hold that stands about a league from the town, on one of the most striking positions of the mountain.

The family of Blonay has been in possession of this place for seven hundred years. One branch of it is in Sardinia; but I suppose its

head is the occupant of the house, or castle. As the building was historical, and the De Blonays of unquestionable standing, I was curious to examine the edifice, since it might give me some further insight into the condition of the old Swiss nobility. Accordingly we applied for admission, and obtained it without difficulty.

The Swiss castles, with few exceptions, are built on the breasts, or spurs, of mountains. The immediate foundation is usually a rock, and the sites were generally selected on account of the difficulties of the approach. This latter peculiarity, however, does not apply so rigidly to Blonay as to most of the other holds of the country, for the rock which forms its base serves for little else than a solid foundation. I presume one of the requisites of such a site was the difficulty or impossibility of undermining the walls, a mode of attack that existed long before gunpowder was known.

The buildings of Blonay are neither extensive nor very elaborate. We entered by a modest gateway in a retired corner, and found ourselves at once in a long, narrow, irregular court. On

the left was a *corps de bâtiment*, that contained most of the sleeping apartments, and a few of the others, with the offices; in front was a still older wing, in which was the knight's hall, and one or two other considerable rooms; and on the right was the keep, an old solid tower, that was originally the nucleus and parent of all the others, as well as a wing that is now degraded to the duties of a storehouse. These buildings form the circuit of the court, and complete the edifice; for the side next the mountain, or that by which we entered, had little besides the ends of the two lateral buildings and the gate. The latter was merely a sort of chivalrous back-door, for there was another between the old tower and the building of the knight's hall, of more pretension, and which was much larger. The great gate opens on a small elevated terrace, that is beautifully shaded by fine trees, and which commands a view second, I feel persuaded, to but few on earth. I do not know that it is so perfectly exquisite as that we got from the house of Cardinal Rufo, at Naples, and yet it has many admirable features that were totally want-

ing to the Neapolitan villa. I esteem these two views as much the best that it has ever been my good fortune to gaze at from any dwelling, though the beauties of both are, as a matter of course, more or less shared by all the houses in their respective neighbourhoods. The great carriage-road, as great carriage-roads go on such a mountain-side, comes up to this gate; though it is possible to enter also by the other.

Blonay, originally, must have been a hold of no great importance, as neither the magnitude, strength, nor position of the older parts, is sufficient to render the place one to be seriously assailed or obstinately defended. Without knowing the fact, I infer that its present interest arises from its great antiquity, coupled with the circumstance of its having been possessed by the same family for so long a period. Admitting a new owner for each five-and-twenty years, the present must be somewhere about the twenty-fifth De Blonay who has lived on this spot!

A common housemaid showed us through the building, but, unfortunately, to her it was a

house whose interest depended altogether on the number of floors there were to be scrubbed, and windows to be cleaned. This labour-saving sentiment destroys a great deal of excellent poetry and wholesome feeling, reducing all that is venerable and romantic to the level of soap and house-cloths. I dare say one could find many more comfortable residences than this, within a league of Vévey; perhaps "Mon Repos" has the advantage of it, in this respect: but there must be a constant, quiet, and enduring satisfaction, with one whose mind is properly trained, in reflecting that he is moving, daily and hourly, through halls that have been trodden by his fathers for near a thousand years! Hope is a livelier, and, on the whole, a more useful, because a more stimulating, feeling, than that connected with memory; but there is a solemn and pleasing interest clinging about the latter, that no buoyancy of the first can ever equal. Europe is fertile of recollections; America is pregnant with hope. I have tried hard, aided by the love which is quickened by distance, as well as by the observations that

are naturally the offspring of comparison, to draw such pictures of the latter for the future, as may supplant the pictures of the past that so constantly rise before the mind in this quarter of the world; but, though reasonably ingenious in castle-building, I have never been able to make it out. I believe laziness lies at the bottom of the difficulty. In our moments of enjoyment we prefer being led, to racking the brain for invention. The past is a fact; while, at the best, the future is only conjecture. In this case the positive prevails over the assumed, and the imagination finds both an easier duty, and all it wants, in throwing around the stores of memory, the tints and embellishments that are wanting to complete the charm. I know little of the history of Blonay, beyond the fact of its great antiquity, nor is it a chateau of remarkable interest as a specimen of the architecture and usages of its time; and yet, I never visited a modern palace, with half the intense pleasure with which I went through this modest abode. Fancy had a text, in a few unquestionable facts, and it preached copiously on

their authority. At Caserta, or St. Cloud, we admire the staircases, friezes, salons, and marbles, but I never could do anything with your kings, who are so much mixed up with history, as to leave little to the fancy; while here, one might imagine not only time, but all the various domestic and retired usages that time brings forth.

The Ritter Saal, or Knight's Hall, of Blonay has positive interest enough to excite the dullest mind. Neither the room nor its ornaments are very peculiar of themselves, the former being square, simple, and a good deal modernized, while the latter was such as properly belonged to a country gentleman of limited means. But the situation and view form its great features; for all that has just been said of the terrace, can be better said of this room. Owing to the formation of the mountain, the windows are very high above the ground, and at one of them is a balcony, which, I am inclined to think, is positively without a competitor in this beautiful world of ours. Cardinal Rufo has certainly no such balcony. It is *le balcon des balcons.*

I should despair of giving you a just idea of the mingled magnificence and softness of the scene that lies stretched before and beneath the balcony of Blonay. You know the elements of the view already,—for they are the same mysterious glen, or valley, the same blue lake, the same *côtes*, the same solemn and frowning rocks, the same groupings of towers, churches, hamlets, and castles, of which I have had such frequent occasion to speak in these letters. But the position of Blonay has about it that peculiar nicety, which raises every pleasure to perfection. It is neither too high, nor too low; too retired, nor too much advanced; too distant, nor too near. I know nothing of M. de Blonay beyond the favourable opinion of the observant Jean, the boatman, but he must be made of flint, if he can daily, hourly, gaze at the works of the Deity as they are seen from this window, without their producing a sensible and lasting effect on the character of his mind. I can imagine a man so far *blasé*, as to pass through the crowd of mites, who are his fellows, without receiving or imparting much; but I cannot conceive of a

heart, whose owner can be the constant observer of such a scene, without bending in reverence to the hand that made it. It would be just as rational to suppose one might have the Communion of St. Jerome hanging in his drawing-room, without ever thinking of Domenichino, as to believe one can be the constant witness of these natural glories without thinking of God.

I could have liked, above all things, to have been in this balcony during one of the fine sunsets of this season of the year. I think the creeping of the shadows up the acclivities, the growing darkness below, and the lingering light above, with the exquisite arabesques of the rocks of Savoy, must render the scene even more perfect than we found it.

Blonay is surrounded by meadows of velvet, the verdure reaching its very walls, and the rocks that occasionally do thrust their heads above the grass, aid in relieving rather than in lessening their softness. There are just enough of them to make a foreground that is not unworthy of the rocky belt which encircles

most of the picture, and to give a general idea of the grand geological formation of the whole region.

We left Blonay with regret, and not without lingering some time on its terrace, a spot in which retirement is better blended with a bird's eye view of men and their haunts, than any other I know. One is neither in nor out of this world at such a spot; near enough to enjoy its beauties, and yet so remote as to escape its blemishes. In quitting the castle, we met a young female of simple, lady-like carriage and attire, whom I saluted as the Lady of Blonay, and glad enough we were to learn from an old dependant, whom we afterwards fell in with, that the conjecture was true. One bows with reverence to the possessor of such an abode.

From Blonay we crossed the meadows and orchards, until we hit a road that led us towards the broad terrace that lies more immediately behind Vévey. We passed several hamlets, which lie on narrow stripes of land more level than common, a sort of *shelves* on the broad breast of the mountain, and which were rural

and pretty. At length we came to the object of our search, a tolerably spacious modern house, that is called a *chateau*, and whose roofs and chimneys had often attracted our eyes from the lake. The place was French in exterior, though the grounds were more like those of Germany than those of France. The terrace is irregular but broad, and walks wind prettily among woods and copses. Altogether, the place is quite modern and much more extensive than is usual in Switzerland. We did not presume to enter the house, but, avoiding a party that belonged to the place, we inclined to the left, and descended, through the vines, to the town.

The true mode to move about this region is on horseback. The female in particular, who has a good seat, possesses a great advantage over most of her sex, if she will only improve it; and all things considered, I believe a family could travel through the cantons in no other manner so pleasantly; always providing that the women can ride. By riding, however, I do not mean sticking on a horse, by dint of rein and clinging, but, a seat in which the fair one feels

secure and entirely at her ease. Otherwise she may prove to be the *gazee* instead of the gazer.

On my return home, I went to a reading-room that I have frequented during our residence here, where I found a good deal of feeling excited by the news from America. The Swiss, I have told you, with very few exceptions, wish us well, but I take it nothing would give greater satisfaction to a large majority of the upper classes in most of the other countries of Europe, than to hear that the American republic was broken up: if buttons and broadcloths could be sent after us, it is not too much to add, or sent to the nether world. This feeling does not proceed so much from inherent dislike to us, as to our institutions. As a people, I rather think we are regarded with great indifference by the mass; but they who so strongly detest our institutions and deprecate our example, cannot prevent a little personal hatred from mingling with their political antipathies. Unlike the woman who was for beginning her love "with a little aversion," they begin with a little philanthropy, and end with a strong dislike for all that

comes from the land they hate. I have known this feeling carried so far as to refuse credit even to the productions of the earth! I saw strong evidences of this truth, among several of the temporary *habitués* of the reading-room in question, most of whom were French. A speedy dissolution of the American Union was proclaimed in all the journals, on account of some fresh intelligence from the other side of the Atlantic; and I dare say that, at this moment, nine-tenths of the Europeans, who think at all on the subject, firmly and honestly believe that our institutions are not worth two years' purchase. This opinion is very natural, because falsehood is so artfully blended with truth, in what is published, that it requires a more intimate knowledge of the country to separate them, than a stranger can possess. I spent an hour to-day in a fruitless attempt to demonstrate to a very sensible Frenchman that nothing serious was to be apprehended from the present dispute; but all my logic was thrown away, and nothing but time will convince him of that which he is so strongly predisposed not to believe. They rarely

send proper diplomatic men among us, in the first place; for a novel situation like that in America requires a fertile and congenial mind, —and then your diplomatist is usually so much disposed to tell every one that which he wishes to hear!" We mislead, too, ourselves, by the exaggerations of the opposition. Your partizan writes nimself into a fever, and talks like any other man whose pulse is unnatural. This fact ought to be a matter of no surprise, since it is one of the commonest foibles of man to dislike most the evils that press on him most; although an escape from them to any other might even entail destruction. It is the old story of King Log and King Stork. As democracy is in the ascendant they revile democracy, while we all feel persuaded we should be destroyed, or muzzled, under any other form of government. A few toad-eaters and court butterflies excepted, I do not believe there is a man in all America who could dwell five years in any country in Europe, without being made sensible of the vast superiority of his own free institutions over those of every other Christian nation.

I have been amused of late, by tracing, in the publications at Home, a great and growing admiration for the Prussian polity! There is something so absurd in an American's extolling such a system, that it is scarcely possible to say where human vagaries are to end. The Prussian government is a *despotism;* a mode of ruling that one would think the world understood pretty well by this time. It is true that the government is mildly administered, and hence all the mystifying that we hear and read about it. Prussia is a kingdom compounded of heterogenous parts; the north is Protestant, the south Catholic; the nation has been overrun in our own times, and the empire dismembered. Ruled by a king of an amiable and paternal disposition, and one who has been chastened by severe misfortunes, circumstances have conspired to render his sway mild and useful. No one disputes, that the government which is controlled by a single will, when that will is pure, intelligent, and just, is the best possible. It is the government of the universe, which is perfect harmony. But men with pure intentions, and intelligent and just minds, are rare,

and more rare among rulers, perhaps, than any other class of men. Even Frederic II, though intelligent enough, was a tyrant. He led his subjects to slaughter, for his own aggrandizement. His father, Frederic William, used to compel tall men to marry tall women. The time for the latter description of tyranny may be past, but oppression has many outlets, and the next king may discover some of them. In such a case his subjects would probably take refuge in a revolution and a constitution, demanding guarantees against this admirable system, and blow the new model-government to the winds!

Many of our people are like children who, having bawled till they get a toy, begin to cry to have it taken away from them. Fortunately the heart and strength of the nation, its rural population, is sound and practical, else we might prove ourselves to be insane as well as ridiculous.

LETTER XXVI.

Controversy respecting America.—Conduct of American Diplomatists.—*Attachés* to American Legations.—Unworthy State of Public Opinion in America.

DEAR ——,

THE recent arrivals from America have brought a document that has filled me with surprise and chagrin. You may remember what I have already written you on the subject of a controversy at Paris, concerning the cost of government, and the manner in which the agents of the United States, past and present, wrongfully or not, were made to figure in the affair. There is a species of instinct in matters of this sort, which soon enables a man of common sagacity, who enjoys the means of observation, to detect the secret bias of those with

whom he is brought in contact. Now, I shall say, without reserve, that, so far as I had any connexion with that controversy, or had the ability to detect the feelings and wishes of others, the agents of the American government were just the last persons in France to whom I would have applied for aid or information. The minister himself stood quoted by the Prime Minister of France in the tribune, as having assured him (M. Perier) that we were the wrong of the disputed question, and that the writers of the French government had truth on their side. This allegation remains before the world uncontradicted to the present hour. It was made six months since, leaving ample time for a knowledge of the circumstance to reach America, but no instructions have been sent to Mr. Rives to clear the matter up; or, if sent, they have not been obeyed. With these unquestionable facts before my eyes, you will figure to yourself my astonishment at finding in the papers, a circular addressed by the Department of State to the different governors of the Union, formally soliciting official reports that

may enable us to prove to the world, that the position taken by our opponents is not true! This course is unusual, and, as the Federal government has no control over, or connexion with, the expenditures of the States, it may even be said to be extra-constitutional. It is formally requesting that which the Secretary of State had no official right to request. There was no harm in the proceeding, but it would be undignified, puerile, and unusual, for so grave a functionary to take it, without a commensurate object. Lest this construction should be put on his course, the Secretary has had the precaution to explain his own motives. He tells the different governors, in substance, *that the extravagant pretension is set up that freedom is more costly than despotism, and that what he requests may be done, will be done in the defence of liberal institutions*. Here then we have the construction that has been put on this controversy by our own government, *at home*, through one of its highest and ablest agents. Still the course of its agents *abroad* remains unchanged! *Here* the American functionaries are understood to

maintain opinions, which a distinguished functionary *at home* has openly declared to be injurious to free institutions.

It may be, *it must be*, that the state of things here is unknown at Washington. Of this fact I have no means of judging positively; but when I reflect on the character and intelligence of the cabinet, I can arrive at no other inference. It has long been known to me that there exists, not only at Washington, but all through the republic, great errors on the subject of our foreign relations; on the influence and estimation of the country abroad; and on what we are to expect from others, no less than what they expect from us. But these are subjects which, in general, give me little concern, while this matter of the finance controversy has become one of strong personal interest.

The situation of the private individual, who, in a foreign nation, stands, or is supposed to stand, contradicted in his facts, by the authorized agents of their common country, is anything but pleasant. It is doubly so in Europe, where men fancy those in high trusts are better

authority, than those who are not. It is true that this supposition, under institutions like ours, is absurd; but it is not an easy thing to change the settled convictions of an entire people. In point of truth, other things being equal, the American citizen who has been passing his time in foreign countries, employed in diplomacy, would know much less of the points mooted in this discussion, than the private citizen who had been living at home, in the discharge of his ordinary duties; but this is a fact not easily impressed on those who are accustomed to see not only the power, but all the machinery of government in the hands of a regular corps of *employés*. The name of Mr. Harris was introduced into the discussion, as one thus employed and trusted by our government. It is true he was falsely presented, for the diplomatic functions of this gentleman were purely accidental, and of very short continuance, but there would have been a littleness in conducting an argument that was so strong in its facts, by stooping to set this matter right, and it was suffered to go uncontradicted by me. He there-

fore possessed the advantage, the whole time, of appearing as one who enjoyed the confidence of his own government. We had this difficulty to overcome, as well as that of disproving his arguments, if, indeed, the latter could be deemed a difficulty at all.*

The private individual, like myself, who finds himself in collision with the agents of two governments, powerful as those of France and America, is pretty sure to get the worst of it. It is quite probable that such has been my fortune in this affair, (I believe it to be so in public opinion, both in France and at home,) but there is one power of which no political combination can deprive an honest man, short of muzzling him:—that of telling the truth. Of this power I have now availed myself, and the time will come when they who have taken any note of the matter may see reason to change their minds. Louis-Philippe sits on a throne, and wields a fearful force; but, thanks to him of Harlem, (or of Cologne, I care not which,) it is still within

* The American government, soon after the date of this letter, appointed Mr. Harris to be *chargé d'affaires* at Paris.

my reach to promulgate the facts. His reign will, at least, cease with his life, while that of truth will endure as long as means can be found to disseminate it. It is probable the purposes of the French ministers are answered, and that they care little now about the controversed points at all; but *their* indifference to facts can have no influence with *me*.

Before dismissing this subject entirely, I will add another word on that of the tone of some of our agents abroad. It is not necessary for me to say, for the tenth time, that it is often what it ought not to be; the fact has been openly asserted in the European journals, and there can, therefore, be no mistake as to the manner in which their conduct and opinions are viewed by others. Certainly every American has a right to his opinions, and, unless under very peculiar circumstances, a right to express them; but, as I have already said to you in these letters, one who holds a diplomatic appointment is under these peculiar circumstances. We are strangely, not to say disgracefully, situated, truly, if an American *diplomate* is to express his

private opinions abroad on political matters only when they happen to be adverse to the system and action of his own government! I would promptly join in condemning the American agent who should volunteer to unite against, or freely to give his opinions, even in society, against the political system of the country to which he is accredited. Discretion and delicacy both tell him to use a proper reserve on a point that is of so much importance to others, while it is no affair of his, and by meddling with which he may possibly derange high interests that are entrusted to his especial keeping and care. All this is very apparent, and quite beyond discussion. Still circumstances may arise, provocations may be given, which will amply justify such a man in presenting the most unqualified statements in favour of the principles he is supposed to represent. Like every other accountable being, when called to speak at all, he is bound to speak the truth. But, admitting in the fullest extent the obligations and duties of the diplomatic man towards the country to which he is sent, is there nothing due to that

from which he comes? Is he to be justified in discrediting the principles, denying the facts, or mystifying the results of his own system, in order to ingratiate himself with those with whom he treats? Are rights thus to be purchased by concessions so unworthy and base? I will not believe that we have yet reached the degraded state that renders a policy so questionable, or a course so mean, at all necessary. It really appears to me, that the conduct of an American minister on all these points ought to be governed by a very simple rule. He should in effect, tell the other party, "Gentlemen, I wish to maintain a rigid neutrality, as is due to you; but I trust you will manifest towards me the same respect and delicacy, if not on my own account, at least on account of the country I represent. If you drag me into the affair in any way, I give you notice that you may expect great frankness on my part, and nothing but the truth." Such a man would not only get a *treaty* of indemnity, but he would be very apt to get the *money* into the bargain.

The practice of naming *attachés* to our lèga-

tions leads to great abuses of this nature. In the first place the Constitution is violated; for, without a law of Congress to that effect, (and I believe none exists,) not even the President has a right to name one, without the approval of the Senate. In no case can a minister appoint one legally, for the Constitution gives him under no circumstances any such authority; and our system does not admit of the constructive authority that is used under other governments, unless it can be directly referred to an expressly delegated power. Now the power of appointment to office *is* expressly delegated; but it is to another, or rather to another through Congress, should Congress choose to interfere. This difficulty is got over by saying an *attaché* is not an officer. If not an officer of the government, he is nothing. He is, at all events, deemed to be an officer of the government in foreign countries, and enjoys immunities as such. Besides, it is a dangerous precedent to name to any situation under a pretence like this, as the practice may become gradually enlarged. But I care nothing as to the legality of the common ap-

pointments of this nature, the question being as to the *tone* of the nominees. You may be assured that I shall send you no idle gossip; but there is more importance connected with these things than you may be disposed at first to imagine. Here, these young men are believed to represent the state of feeling at home, and are listened to with more respect than they would be as simple travellers. It would be far better not to appoint them at all; but, if this is an indulgence that it would be ungracious to withhold, they should at least be made to enter into engagements not *to deride the institutions they are thought to represent*; for, to say nothing of principle, such a course can only re-act, by discrediting the national character.

In writing you these opinions, I wish not to do injustice to my own sagacity. I have not the smallest expectation, were they laid to-morrow before that portion of the American public which comprises the reading classes, that either these facts or these sentiments would produce the least effect on the indomitable selfishness, in which nine men in ten, or even a much larger

proportion, are intrenched. I am fully aware that so much has the little national pride and national character created by the war of 1812 degenerated, that more of this class will forgive the treason to the institutions, on account of their hatred of the rights of the mass, than will feel that the republic is degraded by the course and practices of which I complain. I know no country that has retrograded in opinion so much as our own, within the last five years. It appears to me to go back, as others advance. Let me not, therefore, be understood as expecting any *immediate* results, were it in my power to bring these matters promptly and prominently before the nation. I fully know I should not be heard, were the attempt made; for nothing is more dull than the ear of him who believes himself already in possession of all the knowledge and virtue of his age, and peculiarly entitled, in right of his possessions, to the exclusive control of human affairs. The most that I should expect from them, were all the facts published to-morrow, would be the secret assent of the wise and good, the expressed censure of

the vapid and ignorant (a pretty numerous clan by the way), the surprise of the mercenary and the demagogue, and the secret satisfaction of the few who will come after me, and who may feel an interest in my conduct or my name. I have openly predicted bad consequences, in a political light, from the compliance of our agents here, and we shall yet see how far this prediction may prove true.*

* Has it not? Have we not been treated by France, in the affair of the treaty, in a manner she would not have treated any second-rate power of Europe?

LETTER XXVII.

Approach of Winter.—The *Livret*.—Regulations respecting Servants.—Servants in America.—Governments of the different Cantons of Switzerland.—Engagement of Mercenaries.—Population of Switzerland.—Physical Peculiarities of the Swiss.—Women of Switzerland.—Mrs. Trollope and the American Ladies.—Affected manner of Speaking in American Women.—Patois in America.—Peculiar manner of Speaking at Vévey.—Swiss Cupidity.

DEAR ——,

THE season is giving warning for all intruders to begin to think of quitting the cantons. We have not been driven to fires, as in 1828, for Vévey is not Berne; but the evenings are beginning to be cool, and a dash of rain, with a foaming lake, are taken to be symptoms, here, as strong as a frost would be there. Speaking of Berne, a little occurrence has just recalled the Burgerschaft, which, shorn of its glory as it is, had some most praiseworthy regulations. During our residence near that place, I hired a

Bernois, as a footman, discharging the man, as a matter of course, on our departure for Italy. Yesterday I got a doleful letter from this poor fellow, informing me, among a series of other calamities, that he had had the misfortune to lose his *livret*, and begging I would send him such testimonials of character, as it might suit my sense of justice to bestow. It will be necessary to explain a little, in order that you may know what this *livret* is.

The commune, or district, issues to the domestics, a small certified blank book *(livret)*, in which all the evidences of character are to be entered. The guides have the same, and in many instances, I believe, they are rendered necessary by law. The free-trade system, I very well know, would play the deuce with these regulations; but capital regulations they are, and I make no doubt, that the established fidelity of the Swiss, as domestics, is in some measure owing to this excellent arrangement. If men and women were born servants, it might a little infringe on their natural rights, to be sure; but as even a von Erlach or a de Bone-

stetten would have to respect the regulation, were they to don a livery, I see no harm in a *livret*. Now, by means of this little book, every moment of a domestic's time might be accounted for, he being obliged to explain what he was about in the interregnums. All this, to be sure, might be done by detached certificates, but neither so neatly, nor so accurately; for a man would pretend, at need, that he had lost a single certificate, oftener than he would pretend that he had lost those he really had, or in other words, his book. Besides, the commune gives some relief, I believe, when such a calamity can be proved, as proved it probably might be. In addition, the authorities will not issue a *livret* to any but those who are believed to be trustworthy. Of course I sent the man a character, so far as I was concerned, for he had conducted himself perfectly well during the short time he was in my service.

A regulation like this could not exist in a very large town, without a good deal of trouble, certainly; and yet what is there of more moment to the comfort of a population, than se-

vere police regulations on the subject of servants? America is almost—perhaps the only civilized country in which the free-trade system is fully carried out in this particular, and carried out it is with a vengeance. We have the let-alone policy, *in puris naturalibus*, and everything is truly let alone, but the property of the master. I do not wish, however, to ascribe effects to wrong causes. The dislike to being a servant in America, has arisen from the prejudice created by our having slaves. The negroes being of a degraded caste, by insensible means their idea is associated with service; and the whites shrink from the condition. This fact is sufficiently proved by the circumstance that he who will respectfully and honestly do your bidding in the field—be a farm-servant, in fact—will not be your domestic servant. There is no particular dislike in our people to obey, and to be respectful and attentive to their duties, as journeymen, farm-labourers, day-labourers, seamen, soldiers, or anything else, domestic servants excepted, which is just the duties they have been accustomed to see discharged by

blacks and slaves. This prejudice is fast weakening, whites taking service more readily than formerly, and it is found that, with proper training, they make capital domestics, and are very faithful. In time the prejudice will disappear, and men will come to see it is more creditable to be trusted about the person and house, than to be turned into the fields.

It is just as difficult to give a minute account of the governments of the different cantons of Switzerland, as it is to give an account of the different state governments of America. Each differs, in some respect, from all the others; and there are so many of them in both cases, as to make it a subject proper only for regular treatises. I shall therefore confine the remarks I have to make on this subject to a few general facts.

Previously to the recent changes there were twenty-two cantons; a number that the recent secession of Neufchâtel has reduced to twenty-one.* Until the French revolution, the number

* Berne, Soleure, Zurich, Lucerne, Schweitz, Unterwalden, Uri, Glarus, Tessino, Valais, Vaud, Geneva, Basle, Schaffhausen, Ap-

was not so great, many of the present cantons being then associated less intimately with the confederation, as *allies*, and some of them being held as political dependants, by those that were cantons. Thus Vaud and Argovie were both provinces, owned and ruled by Berne.

The system is that of a confederation, which leaves each of its members to do pretty much as it pleases, in regard to its internal affairs. The central government is conducted by a Diet, very much as our affairs were formerly managed by the old Congress. In this Diet, each canton has one vote. The executive power, such as it is, is wielded by a committee or council. Its duties do not extend much beyond being the organ of communication between the Diet and the Cantons, the care of the treasury (no great matter), and the reception of, and the treating with, foreign ministers. The latter duty, however, and indeed all other acts, are subject to a revision by the Diet.

Although the cantons themselves are only

govie, Thourgovie, Zug, Fribourg, St. Gall, Appenzell, and the Grisons. They are named here without reference to their rank or antiquity.

known to the confederation as they are enrolled on its list, many of them are subdivided into local governments that are perfectly independent of each other. Thus there are two Unterwaldens in fact, though only one in the Diet; two Appenzells, also; and I may add, half a dozen Grisons and Valais. In other words, the two Unterwaldens are absolutely independent of each other, except as they are connected through the confederation, though they unite to choose common delegates to the Diet, in which they are known as only one canton, and possess but one vote. The same is true of Appenzell, and will soon, most probably, be true of Schweitz and Basle; in both of which there are, at this moment, serious dissensions that are likely to lead to internal separations.* The Grisons is more of a consolidated canton than these examples, but it is subdivided into *leagues*, which have a good many strong features of independence. The same is true of Valais, where the subdivisions are termed *di-*

* Basle is now divided into what are called "Basle town" and "Basle country;" or the city population and the rural. Before the late changes, the former ruled the latter.

zains. The Diet does little beyond controlling the foreign relations of the republic. It makes peace and war, receives ambassadors, forms treaties, and enters into alliances. It can only raise armies, however, by calling on the cantons for their prescribed contingents. The same is true as respects taxes. This, you will perceive, is very much like our own rejected confederation, and has most of its evils; though external pressure, and a trifling commerce, render them less here than they were in America. I believe the confederation has some control over the public mails, though I think this is done, also, *through* the cantons. The Diet neither coins money; nor establishes any courts, beyond its own power to decide certain matters that may arise between the cantons themselves. In short, the government is a very loose one, and it could not hold together in a crisis, were it not for the jealousy of its neighbours.

I have already told you that there exists a strong desire among the intelligent to modify this system. Consolidation, as you know from my letters, is wished by no one, for the great

difference between the town and the rural populations causes both to wish to remain independent. Three languages are spoken in Switzerland, without including the Rhetian, or any of the numerous *patois*. All the north is German. Geneva, Vaud, and Valais are French, as are parts of Berne; while Tessino, lying altogether south of the Alps, is Italian. I have been told, that the states which treat with Switzerland for mercenaries, condition that none of them shall be raised in Tessino. But the practice of treating for mercenaries is likely to be discontinued altogether, though the republic has lately done something in this way for the Pope. The objection is to the Italian character, which is thought to be less constant than that of the real Swiss.

Men, and especially men of narrow habits and secluded lives, part reluctantly with authority. Nothing can be more evident than the fact, that a common currency, common post-offices, common custom-houses, if there are to be any at all, and various other similar changes, would be a great improvement on the present system of

Switzerland. But a few who control opinion in the small cantons, and who would lose authority by the measure, oppose the change. The entire territory of the republic is not as great as that of Pennsylvania, nor is the entire population much greater than that of the same state. It is materially less than the population of New York. On the subject of their numbers, there exists a singular, and to me an inexplicable, sensitiveness. It is not possible to come at the precise population of Switzerland. That given in the tables of the contingents is thought to be exaggerated, though one does not very well understand the motive. I presume the entire population of the country is somewhere between 1,500,000, and 1,900,000. Some pretend, however, there are 2,000,000. Admitting the latter number, you will perceive that the single state of New York considerably surpasses it.*

* The population of New York, to-day, is about 2,200,000, or not greatly inferior to that of Scotland; and superior to that of Hanover, or Wurtemberg, or Denmark, or Saxony, all of which are kingdoms. The increase of population in the United States, at present, the immigration included, is not far from 500,000 souls annually, which is equal to the addition of an average state each year! The western speculations find their solution in this fact.

More than one-third of the entire population of Switzerland is probably in the single canton of Berne, as one-seventh of that of the United States is in New York. The proportion between surface and inhabitants is not very different between New England and Switzerland, if Maine be excluded. Parts of the cantons are crowded with people, as Zurich for instance, while a large part is uninhabitable rocks and ice.

The Swiss have most of the physical peculiarities of the different nations that surround them. The German part of the population, however, are, on the whole, both larger and better-looking than the true Germans. All the mountaineers are fresher and have clearer complexions than those in the lower portions of the country, but the difference in size is not very apparent. Nowhere is there such a population as in our south-western States; indeed, I question if large men are as common in any other country. Scotland, however, may possibly form an exception.

The women of Switzerland are better-looking

than those of France or Germany, but beauty, or even extreme prettiness, is rare. Light, flexible, graceful forms are quite uncommon. Large hands and feet are met with everywhere, those of our women being miraculous in comparison. But the same thing is true nearly all over the north of Europe. Even our men—meaning the gentlemen—I think, might be remarked for the same peculiarities in this part of the world. The English have some absurd notions on this subject, and I have often enjoyed a malicious pleasure in bringing my own democratic paws and hoofs (no prodigies at home) in contrast with their aristocratic members. Of course, the climate has great influence on all these things.

I scarcely think the Swiss women of the mountains entitled to their reputation for beauty. If strength, proportions on a scale that is scarcely feminine, symmetry that is more anatomically than poetically perfect, enter into the estimate, one certainly sees in some of the cantons, female peasants who may be called fine women. I remember, in 1828, to

have met one of these in the Grisons, near the upper end of the valley of the Rhine. This woman had a form, carriage, and proportions that would have made a magnificent duchess in a coronation procession; but the face, though fresh and fair, did not correspond with the figure. The women of our own mountains excel them altogether, being a more true medium between strength and coarseness. Even Mrs. Trollope admits that the American women (perhaps she ought to have said the girls) are the most beautiful in the world, while they are the least interesting. Mrs. Trollope has written a vast deal of nonsense, putting cockneyisms into the mouths of Americans, and calling them Americanisms, but she has also written a good many truths. I will not go as far as to say she was right in the latter part of this charge; but if our girls would cultivate neater and more elegant forms of expression; equally avoiding vulgar oh's and ah's! and set phrases; be more careful not to drawl; and not to open the mouth, so as to call "hot," "haut;" giggle less; speak lower; have more calmness and more

dignity of manner, and *think* instead of *pulsating*,—I would put them, for all in all, against any women in the world. They lose half of these defects when they marry, as it is; but the wisdom of Solomon would come to our ears with a diminished effect, were it communicated through the medium of any other than a neat enunciation. The great desideratum in female education, at home, is to impart a graceful, quiet, lady-like manner of speaking.

Were it not for precisely this place, Vévey, I should add, that the women of America speak their language worse than the women of any other country I ever was in. We all know, that a calm, even, unemphatic mode of speaking, is almost a test of high-breeding; that a clear enunciation is, in short, an indispensable requisite, for either a gentleman or a lady. One may be a fool, and utter nonsense gracefully; but aphorisms lose their force when conveyed in a vulgar intonation. As a nation, I repeat, there is more of this fault in America, perhaps, than among an equal portion of educated people anywhere else. Contrary to the

general rule too, the men of America speak better than the women; though the men, as a class, speak badly. The peculiar dialect of New England, which prevails so much all over the country, is derived from a provincial mode of speaking in England which is just the meanest in the whole island; and though it is far more intelligible, and infinitely better grammar is used with us, than in the place whence the *patois* came, I think we have gained little on the score of elegance. I once met in England a distinguished man, who was one of the wealthiest commoners of his county, and he had hardly opened his mouth before I was struck with this peculiarity. On inquiry, I learned that he came from the West of England. It is by no means uncommon to meet with bad grammar, and an improper use of words as relates to their significations, among the highest classes in England, though I think not as often as in America, but it is rare, indeed, that a gentleman or a lady does not express himself or herself, so far as utterance, delivery, and intonation go, as a gentleman and lady should.

The fault in America arises from the habits of drawling, and of opening the mouth too wide. Any one knows that, if he open the stop of an organ, and keep blowing the bellows, he will make anything but music. We have some extraordinary words too: who, but a Philadelphian, for instance, would think of calling his mother a *mare?*

But I am digressing; the peculiar manner of speaking which prevails at Vévey having led me from the main subject. These people absolutely sing, in their ordinary conversation, more especially the women. In the simple expression of "*Bon jour, madame,*" each alternate syllable is uttered on an octave higher than the preceding. This is not a *patois* at all, but merely a vicious and ungraceful mode of utterance. It prevails more among the women than among the men; and, as a matter of course, more among the women of the inferior, than among those of the superior classes. Still it is more or less general. To ears that are accustomed to the even, unemphatic, graceful enunciation of Paris, it is impossible to describe to you, in words, the

ludicrous effect it produces. We have frequently been compelled to turn away, in the shops, to avoid downright laughter.

There exists the same sensitiveness, on the subject of the modes of speech, between the French Swiss and their French neighbours, as is to be found between us and the English. Many intelligent men here have laboured to convince me that the Genevese, in particular, speak purer French than even the Parisians. I dare say a part of this pretension may be true, for a great people take great liberties with everything; but if America, with her fifteen millions, finds it difficult to maintain herself in such matters, even when in the right, against the influence of England, what can little Geneva look for, in such a dispute with France, but to be put down by sheer volubility. She will be out-talked as a matter of course, clever as her citizens are.

On the subject of the prevalent opinion of Swiss cupidity, I have very little to say: the practice of taking service as mercenaries in other countries, has probably given rise to the

charge. As is usually the case in countries where the means of obtaining a livelihood are not easy, the Swiss strike me as being more influenced by money than most of their neighbours, though scarcely more so than the common classes of France. To a man who gains but twenty in a day, a sous is of more account than to him who gains forty. I presume this is the whole amount of the matter. I shall not deny, however, that the *honorarium* was usually more in view, in a transaction with a Swiss, than in a transaction with a Frenchman, though I think the first the most to be depended on. Notwithstanding one or two instances of roguery that I have encountered, I would as soon depend on a Swiss, a clear bargain having been made, as on any other man I know.

LETTER XXVIII.

Departure from Vévey.—Passage down the Lake.—Arrival at Geneva.—Purchase of Jewellery.—Leave Geneva.—Ascent of the Jura.—Alpine Views.—Rudeness at the Custom-house.—Smuggling.—A Smuggler detected.—The second Custom-house.—Final View of Mont Blanc.—Re-enter France.—Our luck at the Post-house in Dôle.—A Scotch Traveller.—Nationality of the Scotch.—Road towards Troyes.—Source of the Seine.

DEAR ——,

NOTWITHSTANDING all the poetry of our situation, we found some of the ills of life in it. A few light cases of fever had occurred among us, which gave reason to distrust the lake-shore at this late season, and preparations were accordingly made to depart. Watching an opportunity, the skiff of honest Jean was loaded with us and our effects to the water's edge, and we embarked in the Leman, as she lay-to, in one

of her daily trips, bidding a final adieu to Vévey, after a residence of about five weeks.

The passage down the lake was pleasant, and our eyes rested on the different objects with melancholy interest, for we knew not that they would ever be again looked upon by any among us. It is an exquisite lake, and it grows on us in beauty each time that we look at it, the surest sign of perfection. We reached Geneva early, and took lodgings at *l'Ecu*, in season for the ladies to make some purchases. The jewellery of this town is usually too tempting to be resisted by female self-denial, and when we met at dinner, we had a course of ear-rings, chains and bracelets served up, by a succession of shopmen, who understand, as it were by instinct, the caprices of the daughters of Eve. One of the party had taken a fancy to a pair of unfinished bracelets, and had expressed her regrets that she could not carry them with her. "Madame goes to Paris?" "Yes." "If she will leave her address, they shall be sent to her in a month." As we were strangers in France, and the regulation which prevented travellers

from buying articles of this sort for their personal use, however necessary, has always appeared to me inhospitable. I told the man that if delivered in Paris, they should be received, and paid for. The bargain was made, and the jewels have already reached us. Of course I have asked no questions, and am ignorant whether they came by a balloon, in the luggage of an ambassador, or by the means of a dog.

The next day it rained tremendously; but having ordered horses, we left Geneva in the afternoon, taking the road to Ferney. Not an individual of the whole party had any desire to visit the *chateau*, however, and we drove through the place on a gallop. We took French post-horses at the foot of the Jura, where we found the first post-house, and began to climb the mountains. Our party made a droll appearance just at that moment. The rain was falling in torrents, and the carriage was dragging slowly through the mud up the long winding ascent. Of course the windows were shut, and we were a sort of full-dress party within, looking ridiculously fine, and, from time to time, laughing at

our silly appearance. Everybody was in travelling dresses, jewellery excepted. The late purchases, however, were all on our persons, for we had been told they would certainly be seized at the custom-houses, if left in their boxes in the trunks. The *douaniers* could tell a recent purchase by instinct. Accordingly, all our fingers were brilliant with rings, brows glittered with *ferronières*, ear-rings of the newest mode were shining beneath travelling caps and hats, and chains abounded. I could not persuade myself that this masquerade would succeed, but predicted a failure. It really appeared to me that so shallow a distinction could avail nothing against harpies who denied the right of strangers to pass through their country with a few purchases of this nature, that had been clearly made for their own use. But, while the sumptuary laws of the custom-houses are very rigid, and set limits to the wants of travellers without remorse, like quarantine regulations, they have some rules that seem framed expressly to defeat their own ordinances.

The road led up the mountain, where a view

that is much praised exists. It is the counterpart of that which is seen everywhere, when one touches on the eastern verge of the Jura, and first gets sight of Switzerland proper. These views are divided into that which embraces the valley of the Aar and the Oberland range, and this which comprises the basin of the Leman, and the mountains that surround it. Mont Blanc, of course, is included in the other. On the whole, I prefer the first, although the last is singularly beautiful. We got clear weather near the summit, and stopped a few minutes to dissect the elements of this scene. The view is very lovely, beyond a question; but I think it much inferior to that which has been so often spoken of between us above Vévey, notwithstanding Mont Blanc enters into this as one of its most conspicuous objects. I have, as yet, nowhere seen this mountain to so much advantage. In size, as compared with the peaks around it, it is a haystack among hay-cocks, with the advantage of being a pile of shining ice, or frozen snow, while everything else near it is granite. By insulating this mountain, and

studying it by itself, one feels its mild sublimity; but still, as a whole, I give the preference greatly to the other view. From this point the lake is too distant, the shores of Savoy dwindle in the presence of their mightier neighbour, and the mysterious-looking Valais, which in its peculiar beauty has scarcely a rival on earth, is entirely hid from sight. Then the lights and shades are nearly lost from the summit of the Jura; and, after all, it is these lights and shades, the natural *chiaro-scuro*, that finishes the picture.

We reached the first custom-house a little before sunset; but, as there was a reasonably good inn opposite, I determined to pass the night there, in order to be able to defend my rights against the myrmidons of the law at leisure, should it be necessary. The carriage was driven to the door of the custom-house, and we were taken into separate rooms to be examined. As for myself, I have no reason to complain; but the ladies were indignant at being subjected to a personal examination by a female harpy, who was equally without politeness and propriety.

Surely France,—polished, refined, intellectual France—cannot actually need this violation of decorum, not to say of decency! This is the second time that similar rudeness has been encountered by us, on entering the country; and, to make the matter worse, females have been the sufferers. I made a pretty vigorous remonstrance, in very animated French, and it had the effect of preventing a repetition of the rudeness. The men pleaded their orders, and I pleaded the rights of hospitality and propriety, as well as a determination not to submit to the insults. I would have made a *détour* of a hundred leagues to enter at another point in preference.

In the course of the conversation that succeeded, the officers explained to me the difficulties they had to contend with, which certainly are not trifling. As to station, they said that made no great difference, your duchess being usually an inveterate smuggler. Travellers are not content to supply their own wants, but they purchase for all their friends. This I knew to be true, though not by experience, you

will permit me to say, the ambassador's bags, half the time, containing more prohibited articles than despatches. But, notwithstanding this explanation, I did not deem the case of one who bought only for himself the less hard. It is so easy to conceal light articles, that, except in instances where there is reason for distrust, it were better to confide in character. If anything could induce me to enter seriously into the contraband, it would be such treatment.

The officers explained to me the manner in which smuggling is conducted. The usual mode is to cross the fields in the night; for when two custom-houses are passed, the jewellery may be put in a common trunk, and sent forward by the diligence, unless there is some particular grounds of suspicion. They know perfectly well, that bargains are constantly made in Geneva, to deliver purchases in Paris; but, with all their care and vigilance, the smugglers commonly succeed.

On a recent occasion, however, the officers had been more successful. A cart loaded with split wood (larch) had boldly passed the door of

the *douane*. The man who drove it was a peasant, and altogether he appeared to be one driving a very common burthen to his own home. The cart, however, was stopped and the wood unloaded; while reloading, for nothing but wood was found, one stick attracted attention. It was muddy, as if it had fallen into the road. The mud, however, had a suspicious *malice prepense* air about it; it seemed as if it were *smeared* on, and by examining it closely, two *seams* were discovered, which it had been hoped the mud would conceal. The billet had been split in two, hollowed, and reunited by means of pegs. The mud was to hide these pegs and the seams, as I have told you, and in the cavity were found seventy gold watches! I saw the billet of wood, and really felt less resentment at the old vigaro who had offended us. The officers caught relenting in my eyes and inquired what I thought of it, and I told them that *we* were not muddy logs of larch.

The next morning we were off betimes, intending to push through the mountains and the custom-houses that day. The country was

wild and far from fruitful, though there were bits of naked mountain, through which the road wound in a way to recall, on a greatly diminished scale however, that peculiar charm of the Apennines. The villages were clean but dreary, and nowhere, for leagues, did we see a country that was genial, or likely to reward agriculture. This passage of the Jura is immeasurably inferior to that by Salins and Neufchâtel. At first I was afraid it was my worn-out feelings that produced the impression, but, by close comparisons, and by questioning my companions, some of whom scarcely recollected the other road, I feel certain that such is the fact. Indeed it would be like comparing a finished painting to an *esquisse*.

We had not much trouble at the second custom-house, though the officers eyed our ornaments with a confiscating rapacity. For my part I took my revenge, by showing off the only ornament I had to the utmost. A—— had made me a present of a sapphire-ring, and this I flourished in all sorts of ways, as it might be in open defiance. One fellow had an ex-

treme longing for a pretty *ferronière*, and there was a private consultation about it, among them, I believe; but after some detention, and a pretty close examination of the passports, we were permitted to proceed. If François smuggled nothing, it must have been for want of funds, for speculation is his hobby, as well as his misfortune, entering into every bone of his body.

We were all day busy in those barren, sterile, and unattractive mountains—thrice unattractive after the God-like Alps—and were compelled to dip into the night, in order to get rid of them. Once or twice on looking back, we saw the cold, chiseled peak of Mont Blanc, peering over our own nearer ridges; and, as the weather was not very clear, it looked dim and spectral, as if sorry to lose us. It was rather late, when we reached a small town, at the foot of the Jura, and stopped for the night.

This was France again,—France in cookery, beds, tone, and thought. We lost the Swiss simplicity (for there is still relatively a good deal of it left), and Swiss directness, in polite-

ness, *finesse*, and *manner*. We got "*monsieur sait—monsieur pense—monsieur fera*"—for "*que voulez-vous, monsieur?*"

We had no more to do with mountains. Our road next morning was across a wide plain, and we plunged at once into the undeviating monotony of French agriculture. A village had been burned, it was thought, to excite political commotion, and the postilions began to manœuvre with us, to curtail us of horse-flesh, as the road was full of carriages. It now became a matter of some moment to push on, for "first come, first served," is the law of the road. By dint of bribes and threats, we reached the point where the two great routes unite a little east of Dôle, before a train of several carriages, which we could see pushing for the point of junction with the same object as ourselves, came up. No one could pass us, on the same road, unless we stopped, and abandoning all idea of eating, we drove up to the post-house in Dôle, and preferred our claim. At the next moment, four other carriages stopped, also. But five horses were in the stable, and seventeen were needed! Even

these five had just arrived, and were bating. Four of them fell to my share, and we drove off with many handsome expressions of regret at being obliged to leave but one for the four other carriages. Your travelling is an epitome of life, in which the lucky look upon the unlucky with a supercilious compassion.

A league or two beyond Dôle, we met two carriages coming the other way, and exchanged horses; and really I had some such generous feelings on the occasion, as those of a rich man who hears that a poor friend has found a bank-note. The carriage with which we exchanged was English, and it had an earl's coronet. The pair within were man and wife; and some fine children, with an attendant or two, were in the one that followed. They were Scotch at a glance: the master himself wearing, besides the stamp of his nation on his face, a bonnet with the colours of his clan. There is something highly respectable in this Scotch nationality, and I have no doubt it has greatly contributed towards making the people what they are. If the Irish were as true to themselves,

English injustice would cease in a twelvemonth. But, as a whole, the Irish nobles are a band of mercenaries, of English origin, and they prefer looking to the flesh-pots of Egypt, to falling back sternly on their rights, and sustaining themselves by the proud recollections of their forefathers. Indeed half of them would find their forefathers among the English speculators, when they found them at all. I envied the Scotchman his cap and tartan, though I dare say both he and his pretty wife had all the fine feelings that such an emblem is adapted to inspire. Your earldoms are getting to be paltry things; but it is really something to be the chief of a clan!

You have travelled the road between Dôle and Dijon with me once, already, and I shall say no more than that we slept at the latter town. The next morning, with a view to vary the route, and to get off the train of carriages, we took the road towards Troyes. Our two objects were effected, for we saw no more of our competitors for post-horses, and we found ourselves in an entirely new country; but,

parts of Champagne and the Ardennes excepted, a country that proved to be the most dreary portion of France we had yet been in. While trotting along a good road, through this naked, stony region, we came to a little valley in which there was a village that was almost as wild in appearance, as one of those on the Great St. Bernard. A rivulet flowed through the village, and meandered by our side, among the half sterile meadows. It was positively the only agreeable object that we had seen for some hours. Recollecting the stream at Tuttlingen, A—— desired me to ask the postilion, if it had a name. "*Monsieur, cette petite rivière s'appele la Seine.*" We were, then, at the sources of the Seine! Looking back, I perceived, by the formation of the land, that it must take its rise a short distance beyond the village, among some naked and dreary-looking hills. A little beyond these, again, the streams flow towards the tributaries of the Rhone, and we were consequently in the high region where the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean divide. Still there were no other signs of our

being at such an elevation, except in the air of sterility that reigned around. It really seemed as if the river, so notoriously affluent in mud, had taken down with it all the soil.

LETTER XXIX.

Miserable Inn.—A French Bed.—Free-Trade.—French Relics.—Cross Roads.—Arrival at La Grange.—Reception by General La Fayette.—The Nullification Strife.—Conversation with La Fayette.—His Opinion as to a Separation of the Union in America.—The Slave Question.—Stability of the Union.—Style of living at La Grange.—Pap.—French Manners, and the French Cuisine.—Departure from La Grange.—Return to Paris.

Dear ——,

I have little to say of the next two days' drive, except that ignorance, and the poetical conceptions of a postilion, led us into the scrape of passing a night in just the lowest inn we had entered in Europe. We pushed on after dark to reach this spot, and it was too late to proceed, as all of the party were excessively fatigued. To be frank with you, it was an *auberge aux charretiers.* Eating was nearly out of the question; and yet I had faith to the last, in a French bed. The experience of this night, however, enables me to say all France does not

repose on excellent wool mattresses, for we were obliged to put up with a good deal of straw. And yet the people were assiduous, anxious to please, and civil. The beds, moreover, were tidy; our straw being clean straw.

The next night we reached a small town, where we did much better. Still one can see the great improvements that travellers are introducing into France, by comparing the taverns on the better roads with those on the more retired routes. At this place we slept well, and *à la Française.* If Sancho blessed the man who invented sleep after a nap on Spanish earth, what would he have thought of it after one enjoyed on a French bed!

The drums beat through the streets after breakfast, and the population crowded their doors, listening, with manifest interest, to the proclamation of the crier. The price of bread was reduced; an annunciation of great interest at all times, in a country where bread is literally the staff of life. The advocates of free-trade prices ought to be told that France would often be convulsed, literally from want,

if this important interest were left to the sole management of dealers. A theory will not feed a starving multitude, and hunger plays the deuce with argument. In short, free-trade, as its warmest votaries now carry out their doctrines, approaches suspiciously near a state of nature: a condition which might do well enough, if trade were a principal, instead of a mere incident of life. With some men, however, it is a principal—an all in all—and this is the reason we frequently find those who are notoriously the advocates of exclusion and privileges in government, maintaining the doctrine, as warmly as those who carry their liberalism, in other matters, to extremes.

There was a small picture, in the manner of Watteau, in this inn, which the landlady told me had been bought at a sale of the effects of a neighbouring chateau. It is curious to discover these relics, in the shape of furniture, pictures, porcelain, &c., scattered all over France, though most of it has found its way to Paris. I offered to purchase the picture, but the good woman held it to be above price.

We left this place immediately after breakfast, and soon quitted the great route to strike across the country. The *chemins vicinaux*, or cross-roads of France, are pretty much in a state of nature; the public, I believe, as little liking to work them, as it does at home. Previously to the revolution, all this was done by means of the *corvée*; a right which empowered the *seigneur* to oblige his tenants to perform a certain amount of labour, without distinction, on the highways of his estate. Thus, whenever M. le Marquis felt disposed to visit the chateau, there was a general muster, to enable him and his friends to reach the house in safety, and to amuse themselves during their residence; after which the whole again reverted to the control of nature and accident. To be frank, one sometimes meets with by-roads in this old country, which are positively as bad as the very worst of our own, in the newest settlements. Last year I actually travelled post for twenty miles on one of these trackless ways.

We were more fortunate, however, on the present occasion; the road we took being what

is called a *route départementale*, and little, if any, inferior to the one we had left. Our drive was through a slightly undulating country that was prettily wooded, and in very good agriculture. In all but the wheel-track, the traveller gains by quitting the great routes in France, for nothing can be more fatiguing to the eye than their straight undeviating monotony. They are worse than any of our own air-line turnpikes; for in America the constant recurrence of small isolated bits of wood greatly relieves the scenery.

We drove through this country some three or four leagues, until we at length came to an estate of better arrangements than common. On our left was a wood, and on our right a broad reach of meadow. Passing the wood, we saw a wide, park-like lawn, that was beautifully shaded by copses, and in which there were touches of landscape-gardening, in a taste altogether better than was usual in France. Passing this, another wood met us, and turning it, we entered a private road—you will remember the country has neither fence nor hedge, nor

yet scarcely a wall—which wound round its margin, describing an irregular semicircle. Then it ran in a straight line for a short distance, among a grove of young evergreens, towards two dark picturesque towers covered with ivy, crossed a permanent bridge that spanned a ditch, and dashing through a gateway, in which the grooves of the portcullis are yet visible, we alighted in the court of La Grange!

It was just nine, and the family was about assembling in the drawing-room. The "*Le Général sera charmé de vous voir, monsieur,*" of the faithful Bastien, told us we should find his master at home; and on the great stairs, most of the ladies met us. In short, the patriarch was under his own roof, surrounded by that family which has so long been the admiration of thousands—or, precisely as one would most wish to find him.

It is not necessary to speak of our reception, where all our country are welcome. We were soon in the drawing-room, which I found covered with American newspapers, and in a few minutes I was made acquainted with all that

was passing on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Rives had sailed for home; and as M. Perier was dead, General La Fayette had not explained in the Chamber the error into which that minister had permitted himself to fall, agreeably to a tardy authority to that effect received from Mr. Rives. The ministry was on the point of dissolution in France; and it was said the *doctrinaires* were to come in—and the nullification strife ran high at home. On the latter subject, La Fayette spoke with a reserve that was unusual on subjects connected with America, though he strongly deprecated the existence of the controversy.

There is great weakness in an American's betraying undue susceptibility on the score of every little unpleasant occurrence that arises at home. No one of the smallest intelligence can believe that we are to be exempt from human faults, and we all ought to know that they will frequently lead to violence and wrongs. Still there is so much jealousy here on this subject, the votaries of monarchies regard all our acts with so much malevolence, and have so

strong a desire to exaggerate our faults, that it is not an easy matter at all times to suppress these feelings. I have often told our opponents that they pay us the highest possible compliment, in their constant effort to compare the results of the system with what is purely right in the abstract, instead of comparing its results with those of their own. But the predominance of the hostile interests are so great here, that reason and justice go for nothing in the conflict of opinions. If a member of congress is flogged, it is no answer to say that a deputy or a member of parliament has been murdered. They do not affirm, but they always *argue* as if they thought we ought to be better than they! If we have an angry discussion and are told of it, one would think it would be a very good answer, so far as comparative results are concerned, to tell them that half-a-dozen of their provinces are in open revolt; but to this they will not listen. They expect *us* never to quarrel! We must be without spot in all things, or we are worse than they. All this La Fayette sees and feels; and although it is impossi-

ble not to detect the unfairness and absurdity of such a mode of forming estimates of men, it is almost equally impossible, in the present situation of Europe, for one who understands the influence of American example, not to suffer these unpleasant occurrences to derange his philosophy.

Before breakfast the General took me into his library, and we had a long and a much franker conversation on the state of South Carolina. He said that a separation of the Union would break his heart. "I hope they will at least let me die," he added, "before they commit this *suicide* on *our* institutions." He particularly deprecated the practice of talking about such an event, which he thought would accustom men's minds to it. I had not the same apprehensions. To me it appeared that the habit of menacing dissolution, was the result of every one's knowing, and intimately feeling, the importance of hanging together, which induced the dissatisfied to resort to the threat, as the shortest means of attaining their object. It would be found in the end, that the very consciousness which pointed out this mode as the

gravest attack that could be made on those whom the discontented wish to influence, would awaken enough to consequences, to prevent any consummation in acts. This menace was a natural argument of the politically weak in America, just as the physically weak lay hold of knives and clubs, where the strong rely on their hands. It must be remembered that the latter, at need, can resort to weapons, too. I do not believe there could be found in all America any great number of respectable men who wish the Union dissolved; and until that shall be the case, I see no great grounds of apprehension. Moreover, I told him that so long as the northern states were tranquil I had no fears, for I felt persuaded that no great political change would occur in America that did not come from that section of the Union. As this is a novel opinion, he inquired for its reasons, and, in brief, this was the answer :—

There is but one interest that would be likely to unite all the south against the north, and this was the interest connected with slavery. Now, it was notorious that neither the federal

government nor the individual states have anything to do with this as a national question, and it was not easy to see in what manner anything could be done that would be likely to push matters as far as disunion on such a point. There might be, and there probably would be, discussion and denunciations—nay, there often had been; but a compromise having been virtually made, by which all new states at the north are to be free states, and all at the south slaveholding, I saw nothing else that was likely to be serious.* As respects all other interests, it would be difficult to unite the whole south. Taking the present discussion as an example: those that were disaffected, to use the strongest term the case admits of, were so environed by those that were not, that a serious separation became impossible. The tier of states that lies behind the Carolinas, Virginia, and Georgia, for instance, are in no degree dependent on them for an oulet to the sea, while they are so near neighbours as to overshadow them in a measure. Then the south must always have a

* Recent facts have confirmed this opinion.

northern boundary of free states, if they separate *en masse*—a circumstance not very desirable, as they would infallibly lose most of their slaves.

On the other hand, the north is very differently situated. New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the tier of states west, are closely connected geographically, must and would go together, and they have one frontier that is nearly all water. They contain already a free population of eight millions, which is rapidly increasing, and are strong enough, and united enough, to act as they please. It is their interest to remain united with the south, and it is also a matter of feeling with them, and I apprehend little to the Union so long as these states continue of this mind.*

La Fayette wished to know if I did not think the Union was getting too large for its safety. I thought not, so long as the means of necessary intercommunication were preserved, but just the reverse, as the larger the Union, the less proba-

* This was written before the recent events in Texas, which give a new aspect to the question.

bility there would be of agitating its whole surface by any one interest; and the parties that were tranquil, as a matter of course, would influence those that were disturbed. Were the Union to-day, for instance, confined to the coast, as it was forty years since, there would be no south-western states to hold the southern in check, as we all know is the fact at present, and the danger from nullification would be doubled. These things act both ways; for even the state governments, while they offer positive organised and *quasi* legal means of resisting the federal government, also afford the same organized local means of counteracting them in their own neighbourhood. Thus, Carolina and Georgia do not pull together in this very affair, and, in a sense, one neutralizes the other. The long and short of the matter was, that the Union was a compromise that grew out of practical wants and *facts*, and this was the strongest possible foundation for any polity. Men would assail it in words, precisely as they believed it important and valued by the public, to attain their ends. —We were here summoned to the breakfast.

I was well laughed at at the table for my ignorance. The family of La Grange live in the real old French style, with an occasional introduction of an American dish, in compliment to a guest. We had obtained hints concerning one or two capital things there, especially one for a very simple and excellent dish, called *soupe au lait;* and I fancied I had now made discovery the second. A dish was handed to me that I found so excellent, *so very appropriate to breakfast,* that I sent it to A——, with a request that she would get its history from Madame George La Fayette, who sat next her. The ladies put their heads together, and I soon saw that they were amused at the suggestion. A—— then informed me, that it was an American as well as a French dish, and that she knew great quantities of it had been consumed in the hall at C——, in particular. Of course I protested that I had no recollection of it. "All this is very likely, for it is a good while since you have eaten any. The dish is neither more nor less than pap!"

Two capital mistakes exist in America on the

subject of France. One regards its manners, and the other its kitchen. We believe that French deportment is superficial, full of action, and exaggerated. This would truly be a wonder in a people who possess a better tone of manners, perhaps, than any other; for quiet and simplicity are indispensable to high breeding. The French of rank are perfect models of these excellences. As to the *cuisine*, we believe it is high-seasoned. Nothing can be farther from the truth; spices of all sorts being nearly proscribed. When I went to London with the Vicomte de V——, the first dinner was at a tavern. The moment he touched the soup, he sat with tears in his eyes, and with his mouth open, like a chicken with the pip! "*Le diable!*" he exclaimed, "*celle-ci est infernale!*" And infernal I found it too; for after seven years' residence on the Continent, it was no easy matter for even me to eat the food or to drink the wines of England; the one on account of the high seasoning, and the other on account of the brandy.

We left La Grange about noon, and struck

into the great post-road as soon as possible. A succession of accidents, owing to the random driving of the postilions, detained us several hours, and it was dark before we reached the first *barrière* of Paris. We entered the town on our side of the river, and drove into our own gate about eight. The table was set for dinner; the beds were made, the gloves and toys lay scattered about, *à la Princesse d'Orange*, and we resumed our customary mode of life, precisely as if we had returned from an airing in the country, instead of a journey of three months!

THE END.

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